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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour, summing up the session, so far as it has gone, in the debate on the Appropriation Bill, made Mr. Asquith's profession to restore the dignity and liberties of the House look rather ridiculous. Mr. Asquith was to turn over a new leaf on the old bad chapter of Unionist maltreatment of the House. Supply was to be discussed at length and at leisure: no more would millions be voted away undiscussed; the blocking nuisance would be abated: and the guillotine, was it conceivable that Mr. Asquith would use the guillotine? Well, in fact Mr. Asquith, now supreme, has given twenty days to supply when he could easily have spared twenty-three: fifty-three millions have been voted undiscussed: and amongst the votes closed were Education and Ireland. And as for the guillotine, the Liberal Government has applied it ten times in three years against the Unionists' three times in ten years. And not only in quantity is Mr. Asquith a far greater sinner than Mr. Balfour, but he has added a new quality of sin of his own. Now not only is the total time fixed for discussion of a Bill but also the parts that are to be discussed. The House is left without a voice as to what it shall discuss or when or how long.

"He really did not think they were using idle words when they said a moment would come when the House would not only resent but would resist the kind of treatment to which they were becoming too much accustomed." That is just the point. Are these words of Lord Lansdowne "idle" or not? If nothing comes of them, if the Lords do go on tamely accommodating themselves to the needs of the Government, accepting their time for the discussion of all Bills they choose to send up, Lord Lansdowne's words are idle, entirely idle. Protests exactly similar are made every Session.

No Government will ever attend to them until the Lords decline to deal with Bills except at their own convenience. To protest and then acquiesce is the feeblest thing to do. Unfortunately it is what the Lords always do.

Both the Irish Universities and Old Age Pensions Bills the Lords were asked to dispose of in hardly more than a few hours. If Bills cannot be discussed in the Commons, and if the Lords are willing at the Government's behest to renounce discussion of these guillotined Bills, Parliament is nothing but a farce and a sham. The Government of the day has the Commons by the throat, but the Lords are perfectly able to stand up against any Government, if they will; and it is lamentable that on the matter of rushing Bills they will not. There can be few Bills about which the Lords would have so much to say as the Irish Universities. Many of the peers would speak on this question as experts. Yet the debate was slight in the extreme. No doubt there was here no sharp contention between Government and Opposition. Happily all parties are agreed that a University acceptable to Roman Catholics in Ireland must be set up; and the Bill was rightly read a second time without discussion. But has Parliament become so unintelligent that it cares to discuss nothing that is not a matter of acute party contention?

Neither can we think the Lords much happier in the solitary instance when they have put their foot down, or their toes down; for they were evidently tiptoe to abandon Lord Cromer's amendment to the Old Age Pensions Bill on signs of disagreement by the Commons. Merits aside, for their own character and influence the Lords should not move amendments they do not mean to stick to. The idea that by passing and abandoning an amendment they make a protest is a funny illusion. It would have been very much better if Lord Cromer had not moved his amendment at all. Right or wrong, old age pensions once started will never be discontinued, under a democracy, unless some national urgency convinced the country it was necessary to do so. Then it would be done as much without Lord Cromer's paper time-limit as with it. Lord Rosebery's advice was sound this time. Mr. Crooks' proposal to limit Lord Cromer's protest to 31 December 1915 was a very neat counter.

The state of Ireland seems to depend on Mr. Birrell's subjectivity. Is he in good cue?—then the Irish are the "cheerful people". Is he down in the doleful dumps?—there is "a lamentable increase" in crime at once. Last week, save for a few "regrettable" incidents, Ireland seems to have been all right. This week it is all very sad and bad indeed. Mr. Birrell is, we fear, in a pessimistic mood. In the debate in the House on Thursday he actually could not deny that during the last twelve months there had been "a lamentable increase in certain kinds of crime and of offences in certain parts of Ireland". It comes from the "passion" for the land which afflicts these "poor" people. And is it not the passion for plate and other valuables which afflicts the poor man who breaks into a house? The passion for land leads a man to shoot in a house; the passion for plate leads him to break into the house instead. Which is the greater affliction—to break into a house or to shoot into it?

Lord St. Aldwyn has become a dark horse in politics of late. On questions of preference and fiscal reform he is subtle, by no means easy to follow. It is a position some men aim at all their lives without success; whereas Lord St. Aldwyn's wish is to be clearly understood! On Wednesday, in the debate on the Finance Bill, he made a remarkable statement about public credit. The low price of Consols he set down partly to the "attacks on property in every shape and form" made by the Government and their supporters. That is his considered view. Hitherto this has been looked on as merely an election cry. We have never been particularly fond of it. But Lord St. Aldwyn's remarks were quite without passion and closely reasoned.

Sir Edward Grey's speech on the Foreign Office Vote on Monday followed close upon the restoration of the Constitution by the Sultan on the demand of the Young Turk party. There was an air of farce about Parliament in Turkey, and the question was whether it might be taken seriously and whether it would have any serious effect on the English and Russian proposals for Macedonian reform. Midhat's Constitution of 1876 did nothing to improve Turkish rule in Bulgaria, and the war with Russia followed and the Constitution was suppressed. Sir Edward showed a certain difference in the situation owing to the power of the Young Turk party. It has stopped for the moment the outrages of the bands in Macedonia. Sir Edward Grey is, or appears to be, sanguine. He is not going to press the British reform proposals.

Other topics of the speech were the German distrust of British diplomacy excited by the Anglo-Russian agreement and the visit to Reval, the position of the Congo question, and the state of Persia. So far as a general statement of British policy may assure Germany, Sir Edward was emphatic enough in protesting that Great Britain has no idea of directing it to the isolation of Germany; and our friendships with any group of Powers have no "hostile point" against any other Power. The speech appears to have made some impression in Germany, and possibly the visit of the French President to Reval this week may be commented on less suspiciously. As to the Congo, Sir Edward made it plain that the mere annexation by Belgium could not in itself, without much further consideration, be taken as implying a satisfactory solution. In Persia it has been necessary to prevent a rush of political refugees to the British Legation. When sixty-six had found their way there the order was issued only to receive those in actual danger of life, as some years ago there was a rush to the extent of thirteen thousand. Non-interference in internal matters is to be the note in Persia.

The question of Dinizulu's salary becomes graver every day. On the whole opinion in this country supports the Government's view that the salary ought to be paid until or unless Dinizulu is found guilty of treason. There is an obligation of honour, and in dealing with savages perhaps even more than with civilised people such obligations must be

punctiliously observed. But the Natal Government is on the spot; there must be some very cogent reason for their attitude. We decline to believe that the Natal Ministers are obtuse as to the point of honour, and to pay Dinizulu his salary over their heads, as it were, will certainly be taken by them as more than a snub, as an insult. They believe it will lower the prestige of the colonial Government with the natives and so aggravate the unrest, to use no harsher term, that is still common amongst them. A grave situation has arisen—a situation of sharp conflict between the Imperial Government and an enthusiastically loyal English colony. It is remarkable that this Government finds it so much easier to keep on good terms with the Dutch Ministries, those who fought against us in South Africa, than with Natal who fought for us.

In paying the conventional compliments at Quebec the Prince of Wales almost contrived to strike an unconventional note. No doubt he has been much impressed by all he has seen and heard, and his presence at the pageant and the various functions should have some good effect toward unity both Canadian and Imperial. Champlain has been shown in Parkman's familiar phrase to have been foremost on the bright roll of forest chivalry, and Montcalm has been honoured side by side with Wolfe, so that the fêtes leave behind them only picturesque memory and goodwill. The Prince of Wales has talked alike with the Quebec habitant and the descendant of the Empire Loyalists from Ontario, with each in his own language.

Mr. Pember Reeves' resignation of the High Commissionership of New Zealand to take up the position of Director of the London School of Economics is at this juncture important. Tariff Reformers may hope for more from it than Mr. Reeves, whose discretion has never been challenged, would himself admit. The economics of New Zealand, in which he was trained, point only one way. Mr. Reeves is a great social reformer, and much of the socialistic legislation of the colony was carried by him in the days just before and after Mr. Seddon became Premier. Business first and idealist theories afterwards were the practice of New Zealand when he was one of her Ministers. Since he has been in London he has shown himself a keen imperialist, and he has already avowed his belief that vast possibilities will present themselves at the London School of Economics of training men for colonial work as well as municipal. Eloquence and economics will go hand in hand under Mr. Reeves' directorship.

Mr. McKenna seems not to be in Mr. Lloyd George's queue. On Wednesday Mr. Lloyd George wrote to the "Times" protesting that he had been wrongly reported in some remarks he made at the Peace Congress. The letter appeared on Thursday morning, and a few hours later Mr. McKenna said in the House: "It is always desirable to avoid communicating with the press." Possibly Mr. McKenna had not read Mr. Lloyd George's statement: or, having read, forgot all about it. It is scarcely odd if Ministers fail sometimes to read each other's speeches and letters; they cannot read everything; but in this particular case Mr. Lloyd George's statement related distinctly to an Admiralty matter! By the way, the Admiralty have found that Lord Charles Beresford's manoeuvre—the subject of "the incident"—was not dangerous.

Sir Charles Dilke did well to call attention, on the Home Office vote, to the great increase in the number of young girls, children under fourteen, employed in factories. Apparently this evil—we cannot hesitate to call it so—has spread most rapidly in the Leeds and Bradford district. It is not pleasant to find an inspector speaking of factories that look like schools, filled with little girls with short frocks and long hair. The reports show that the conditions of such labour are injurious to children, and it is very unsatisfactory that the Employment of Children

Act 1903 has not been enforced. Mr. Gladstone in answer could only say that he could not tell why it had not been enforced. But he is Home Secretary and it is his business to know why. If he takes his work in this way, no wonder the Act is not enforced.

Mr. Weir or Mr. Wason, we are not sure which, is supposed to favour the breaking up and burning of motor-cars. This plan might prove a blessing to the shareholders in some of the omnibus companies. But nobody went this length in the debates on motor traffic in the Lords and Commons on Wednesday. The hardest problem really connected with the motor is the problem of dust. Even in London—in those parts where the old macadam road still exists—the dust stirred by motors during the last fortnight or so has been horrible. The Chelsea Embankment with three or four motors dashing up and down has been like the desert in a sandstorm. Occasionally a watercart lays the dust, but an hour or two later it is whirled up thick as ever. People who walked there much would soon be quite like the man who swung by the chain of the drag under the carriage of Monseigneur le Marquis.

Various plans were suggested for lessening motor evils. Lord Willoughby de Broke wishes to abolish the horn; drivers, he thinks, will then take care of foot passengers where at present foot passengers have to take care of themselves. But the same applies to the bicycle bell. We doubt whether it would be a safe plan. Mr. Long spoke with feeling of cottage gardens whose flowers are spoilt by dust. It is quite true that even the garden with the thinnest soil will do better without such additions as a motor brings it. He is in favour of motors slackening speed when they pass the village gardens. But there are many gardens belonging to cottages away from any village and there exposed to the road dust. The dust problem is indeed an extremely hard one. The cost of preparing the roads were it applied to the whole country would be immense. We fear it would interfere with the upkeep of the two-power standard.

We know that an M.P. may form and express an opinion that his colleagues are a poor lot, and that he suffers intellectually by mixing with them. That was decided quite lately. But may he in the House call a statement made by an opponent "disgraceful"? This point of order arose in the House during the week through a difference of opinion between Mr. Stuart-Wortley and Colonel Seely. Mr. Seely used the word of a statement made by Mr. Stuart-Wortley. The chairman ruled that he could use it; whereas Speaker Gully decided a few years ago that it was not the thing to say. Doctors disagree in politics as in pathology. As even Speaker Gully did not rule it to be an absolutely disorderly word, we suppose it may be used. We remember years ago a certain famous Marquis was reproved by an M.F.H. for using strong language in the field with ladies present. "It comes to this then, I suppose," he exclaimed in vexation, "a man mayn't swear when he is out with the Tedworth!"

Similarly perhaps Mr. Seely might complain if he were withheld from the word "disgraceful". In hot weather, at the fag end of the session, a word like this no doubt lets off a good deal of steam. But on cool reflection Mr. Seely may wish he had used the word "ungraceful" instead of "disgraceful". Was it not Lord Cottington who said that the user of disgraceful words should come to the galleys? At any rate, the word surely little fits anything said by Mr. Stuart-Wortley.

Last Saturday was a fine day for a demonstration, and the teetotalers turned it to account. It was a grand thing to hold up the traffic east and west while the procession—said to be three miles long—crossed the Strand. It was impossible to pass for quarter of an hour at a time, and people in cabs were held up and must in many cases have been caused inconvenience

In strange contrast to all the seething crowds of human beings and vehicles was the airship sailing serenely in the blue. At the meeting in Hyde Park Mr. Churchill, speaking of the possibility of the Lords throwing out the Licensing Bill, said if they did there would be a Bill for high licences. How about the temperance crusade? It appears that to raise revenue from the brewers and publicans would be a consoling alternative.

Mr. Asquith rather made fun on Tuesday of the deputation, a very little deputation, of malcontents with the present constitution of the Natural History Branch of the British Museum. They objected to the Trustees; but the Trustees, as Mr. Asquith said, are a statutory and permanent body over whom the Government have no power at all. The Trustees, urged the deputation, should be in the position of a governing body to a public school. "Then do you want a head-master?" said Mr. Asquith. We really do not see the deputation's point. The functions of the Trustees require capable men of affairs, men of position able to take a broad view of things; not experts in the departmental work of museums. To detach Natural History from the general government of the Museum would surely be a mistake.

Mr. Sievier's acquittal was a remarkable example of the reflection of feeling in the street from the jury-box. From the very beginning there has been this feeling. "A plague on both your houses" seems to be an impossible attitude to the British public. Generally such savage attacks as Mr. Sievier made over so long a period on Mr. Joel would at least have started the case with a prejudice in favour of the man attacked. Mr. Sievier has been acquitted on the charge of blackmailing, but he used his paper to bring a man, his personal enemy, into odium by recalling long-passed incidents in his career. He came into Court at least with this conduct against him, and it is not to the credit of the crowd to make a man a hero because he is not a blackmailer. But it is just what the crowd would do. Mr. Sievier should now take his "turn" at the halls—say after Dorando.

However, these very attacks were in Mr. Sievier's favour when the real question in the case arose whether Mr. Bendon and Mr. Mills were really arranging a loan for him or not. Mr. Sievier had certainly not used the attacks for blackmailing up to that time. It was always impossible to understand how Mr. Bendon and Mr. Mills could have taken the share they did in the transaction without being accomplices if they had merely been acting as Sievier's agents, and not trying on Mr. Joel's behalf to put an end to the hostility between Mr. Joel and Mr. Sievier, which was also against Mr. Mills' interests. When Mr. Joel described his dealing with Mr. Mills as dirty business it was an admission that he had turned what might well have been regarded by Mr. Mills as a passable transaction into one having a very different complexion.

Mr. Joel's evidence destroyed his own case. For whatever reason, whether or not in excitement which made his memory treacherous, he attributed to Mr. Bendon and Mr. Mills expressions used against Mr. Sievier which went to the very essence of the offence, but which they indignantly denied had ever been used by them. Perhaps a more daring thing was never done in a court than Mr. Sievier boldly charging these same witnesses with colouring their evidence against him for their own personal reasons and flatly denying their account of all that made against him. Unaided this might have been, as it seemed, a desperate step. The men were the friends of years who were thus charged with having turned against him. There has rarely been a trial where the point at issue has been so fine or where counsel and witnesses have exhibited more finesse and subtlety. The examination of Mr. Sievier by Mr. Isaacs, and his cross-examination by Sir Edward Carson, were the finest of forensic displays; and Mr. Sievier by his mental keenness stimulated both.

There is one interesting side issue. Horse-racing is often condemned as a very foolish "game". Only a very few people make money by backing horses, said a great authority, and they usually end by "getting broke". And yet it seems to be "a very good world to live in", should a man of note have need of a few thousands. If he is a sportsman—and has not himself had a bad week—he lends you the money without any of those legal preliminaries which rob borrowing of half its pleasure. This is a sort of camaraderie of coin which does not obtain in non-sporting circles. Ordinary people toil and moil for a few pottering pounds whilst these sportsmen are handing backwards and forwards to one another the cool thousands; which seems to have struck the Lord Chief Justice. After all, the Turf seems not so bad for those who know the ropes as some people suppose. The difficulty is probably this—ninety per cent. of young hopefuls who go racing "get broke" before they know those ropes.

It is due to experts like Sir Thomas Stevenson, who up to the time of his death this week was senior analyst at the Home Office, that murder by poisoning now rarely escapes detection. Very few who are charged are acquitted for want of proof. Chemical knowledge of poisons and pathological knowledge of their action has made the power of detection very much greater than in the days when poisoners themselves were the persons who studied toxicology. We cannot imagine Sir Thomas Stevenson being in such doubt about the action of any poison as, even so comparatively recently as Palmer's trial, the experts were about the action of strychnine. If Palmer really used powdered glass it is almost certain, had Sir Thomas been engaged, he would have unmasked the medium. The last case when Sir Thomas was prominently before the public was at the opening of the Druce vault.

Events in the Deceased Wife's Sister case have developed. The Bishop of Norwich, we are glad to say, is strongly supporting Canon Thompson, and the Canon will, it is understood, neither resign his living nor administer the Holy Communion to the promoter of the suit. One may expect therefore the sort of legal wrangle familiar in the old Ritual cases, sentence of suspension, and perhaps a *significavit*, which means imprisonment for contempt. Of course Churchmen cannot on principle appeal to the Privy Council; still, means may be found by an application for a Prohibition in the King's Bench to stop the fall of Sir Lewis Dibdin's thunderbolts and to test the soundness of his law. Meanwhile Lord Halifax deserves the thanks of Churchmen of all parties for the terse way in which he has put before the public the true issue between Canon Thompson and Sir Lewis Dibdin. The question is, Can an Act of Parliament override the moral law?

The Universal Peace Congress, which is now chattering and junketing in London, recalls Mommsen's caustic remark that while Cæsar and Pompey were settling the Roman world, Cicero was writing a treatise on Peace. Just about as practical, about as useful, is the contribution to the cause by the "pacifists"; except that they have not even a literary style in which to clothe their platitudes. If the Hague Conferences, authoritative and with power to act, have achieved nothing, or something hardly distinguished from nothing, is it likely anything will come of a number of amateurs meeting together to pass academic resolutions? Peace is neither made nor kept by talk and talkers: war might rather be. The lofty moral standard of these gentry may be inferred from the general regret expressed at one of their meetings that soldiers could hardly be induced in disobedience to their officers to refuse to fight; their practical sagacity from their solemn debate whether on the outbreak of war coal could not be cornered, and so fleets made immobile. Peace-makers! rather peace-mongers: they arrogate to themselves the title and the blessing; but if they had known what peace means, they would know what He meant who also said: "I came not to send peace but a sword".

TURKEY AND EUROPE.

A LIBERAL Foreign Secretary, when his party has a very large majority, is in an ideal position to deal with other Powers. When he is so thoroughly trustworthy as Sir Edward Grey, he has the call on Unionist votes. For the same reasons the Radical crank is at a discount in his own party. Therefore, oddly enough, the cant of anti-patriotism was never so harmless (so far as the conduct of our foreign affairs goes) as at this moment, though its fulminations were never louder, nor its professors more numerous in the House, nor, and perhaps for this reason, more furious. The style and nature of Sir Edward Grey's review of the international situation shows once again why he enjoys in a peculiar sense the confidence of all sensible men. A change so dramatic as that implied by the revival of the long dormant Turkish constitution might well lead even the experienced to rash predictions. Sir Edward Grey's advice to suspend judgment and hope for the best is the only possible line for a person in authority. As for Persia, where a so-called constitution has been on view as an object-lesson for some time, no one we imagine will quarrel with Sir Edward's policy of standing aside from the faction fight now going on. Some fatuous person seems to have suggested that the British Government should take active steps on behalf of the Parliament. Such egregious proposals call for comment only as showing whither some of our legislators might lead us were they allowed what by courtesy must be called their heads. No doubt it is nothing to such gentlemen that to convey troops into the interior of Persia is a design not lightly to be entered upon, with a rupture with Russia as its probable result. The reflex action of such a policy on our Indian Empire is also worthy of consideration. It is impossible to see any valid answer to a request for a constitution in India while we were actively promoting the revolutionary cause in Persia. The Shah's government may be both corrupt and inefficient, but so-called popular government in a State with the traditions of Persia is very clearly not the way to remedy the evil. Possibly a new and more efficient Shah might be, but the Assembly has demonstrated both its own inefficiency and its dangerous tendency to promote anarchy. A massacre of foreigners is an ever present danger in Teheran, and we can only hope, not for the best, but that the worst may not arrive.

No fault can be found with the discreet references made by the Foreign Secretary to our relations with Germany. Perhaps from one point of view it might have been better if no reference had been made. It is never thought necessary to deprecate the menace which does not exist. However the danger be created, the fact that it is there cannot be ignored, and Lord Cromer's *maladroit* hints made Sir Edward's comments almost obligatory.

We have always held on general principles with William Pitt, when he defended his Commercial Treaty with France against the criticism of Fox, that to speak of any nation as necessarily our enemy was both absurd and wicked. The statesman of course knows how easily the enemy of to-day becomes the friend of to-morrow, and vice versa. The SATURDAY REVIEW has always endeavoured to make it clear that to talk of inevitable conflict with the German Empire is ridiculous, because in no quarter of the globe do British and German interests clash of necessity, but it would be none the less folly to allow ourselves to sink into a position which would invite attack or provocation. But to make our preparations ostensibly, nay ostentatiously, with Germany alone in view is neither good manners nor good policy.

Turkey, however, is the hub of the international situation for the moment. Bad as things have been there for many years, the outcome was never more difficult to predict than it is to-day. We can all hope as the Foreign Secretary bids us, but belief is hard indeed. It is incredible that in less than a week not only the forms of government but the instincts of a race have been entirely transformed. Anyone who takes at their face value the demonstrations which have been in progress in Constantinople and Macedonia during the last few days would be driven to believe that

a new era had really dawned, and that Turks and Christians are uniting to renew the State on the basis of racial equality. We confess we should be glad to know exactly who the demonstrators may be before we attempt to gauge the value of the demonstrations. No sensible being, in the first place, can hold the view that the Sultan has taken this step because he desires it. Only one thing forced it on him and that was the mutiny of the troops. Hitherto, whatever the feeling may have been in other divisions of the army, he has felt himself safe behind the Albanian guard in Constantinople. For that reason Albania has always been treated with exceptional forbearance. It is quite clear that the present movement has spread thither and that the Prætorians at Yildiz sympathised with their fellow countrymen. A march against Stamboul would have met with little or no resistance on the part of the Padishah's own particular troops. Therefore to yield was the only possible policy. In the alternative we should have seen almost certainly a Palace revolution and a new Sultan. It must be remembered that grave discontent with the Palace gang has long been latent among the best Turks, who almost to a man have exiled themselves. We are told that they are now about to return, and the permanent effect of the change may be gauged by the success of the new men in purging the Sultan's entourage. If they succeed in substituting comparatively righteous counsellors for altogether unrighteous ones we shall feel more confidence in the future than we can from the grant of the widest constitutional privileges to people who have no conception how to use them. One is profoundly sceptical as to the true power of the movement called that of the "Young Turks". Lack of pay and ill-treatment, fear of being drafted to Arabia, and suchlike causes, have for the moment made the troops solid with the reforming party, and their pressure was irresistible. But Abdul Hamid may have had at his elbow some councillor who advised him as Guido da Montefeltro advised Boniface VIII.: "Long promise and brief performance shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat". What the difficulties are before an Oriental Parliament when it meets are evident from the experience of Persia. Like the Duma it will probably try to do things entirely outside its province. In any case, without the support of the army its legislative existence is not worth a piastre's purchase. The Sultan may easily succeed in rallying the army to himself against the Assembly. Then the racial difficulty is almost insuperable. It was written recently by one who has a profound acquaintance with the Near East, "When you can get a Turk to obey a Rayah (native Christian) then you may begin to talk of reforming the Turkish Empire and of introducing any system but that which we have now". This is the rock upon which all reform is, we fear, destined to split. The Turk is a ruler and conqueror; if he cannot be master he may be slave, but will hardly accept equality or inferiority to a Christian fellow subject. He can understand an order, and may be a subservient subject to a Christian ruler. Even religion does not form so grave an obstacle as race. Many precepts of the Koran the Turk will cheerfully ignore, notably those against intoxicating liquors; but to promote political reforms on an equal or subordinate footing with the hitherto subject Giaour seems to us to be a counsel of perfection which he will never accept, certainly not under a Mohammedan Sultan. There are a hundred ways in which a ruler so astute as Abdul Hamid may play upon this racial antagonism.

If this be the fundamental position of the problem in Constantinople, it is a hundredfold more complex in Macedonia. There the effect of the Sultan's move must be extremely embarrassing for all those who sincerely desire reform. We cannot, however, fail to recognise its astuteness at the present juncture. Just when the Powers had agreed upon a common programme which really promised good results, the change of constitution comes as an excellent excuse to shelve reform. How can external Powers interfere with a "free country"? It is a pity the Powers should take that line, but we fear there is no doubt they will, as the British Government appears to have notified the Russian of its intentions to that effect. We have the

gravest fears of the results of giving Turkey "time to work out its own salvation", for an attack on the Christian population has often seemed the easiest way out of a position embarrassing for the Turk.

THE SUCCESS OF PREFERENCE.

MR. BALFOUR has pointed out that the four objects of the policy of the Unionist party—Tariff Reform with a view to the revenue needs of the country, the security of our great industries, negotiation with foreign countries, and preference—are inter-dependent. It is very satisfactory therefore that the Tariff Commission is able at this stage to sum up the general features of the problem of preference and to show where our true line of advance lies.

When Mr. Chamberlain entered on his great undertaking, the attempt was constantly made by his opponents to show that he was recommending a course opposed to the traditions and interests of the United Kingdom, and Free Trade politicians maintained that there was no evidence of a colonial "offer". The memorandum on preference issued last week by the Tariff Commission shows how completely unjustified was this attitude. It is their policy, not the policy of Tariff Reformers, which is in conflict with the traditions of the British race. Preference, as the memorandum points out, is not a new movement. It was the historic policy of England, and the old preferences were withdrawn in deference to the Free Trade ideal and in opposition to the wishes of the colonies. From that time onwards the colonies have constantly pressed upon the Government of the United Kingdom the desirability of action in the direction advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, and they have never accepted the views of the United Kingdom on this important subject. In 1882 Canadian Ministers felt it "necessary to record their dissent from the principle that, as between portions of the said Empire, no duties discriminating in favour of British as against foreign industry can be sanctioned by her Majesty's Government". They claimed that "it is competent for any of the colonies possessing representative and responsible Governments to enter into mutual agreements for either partial or absolute free trade with the Mother Country or with each other or with both, discriminating against other countries". This principle was restated by the colonies over and over again, and the resolution submitted by Sir Samuel Griffith at the Conference of 1887 describes the main principles of preference in terms which would be accepted by every one of the self-governing colonies at the present time as embodying not only their aspirations but the mode in which they should be realised. The question naturally occurs to every reader of this historical portion of the Tariff Commission memorandum, "What possible danger can there be in the adaptation to modern needs of the principles which are so sanctioned by the best English traditions, the value of which is proved by the very existence of the British Empire?"

The argument against preference which was so unscrupulously used by Liberals when in opposition, that it would raise the cost of living to the working classes, is effectively met by the evidence on the capacity and production of food supplies within the Empire. Free Traders never venture to approach this question from the inductive standpoint. The views they constantly put forward are, no doubt to some extent unconsciously, based on propositions from the writings of the classic economists. But these propositions rest upon hypotheses fundamentally distinct from those which are the basis of preference. So far as the views of the classic economist had any foundation in fact at all, they were drawn from selected evidence laid before the Corn Law Committees at the beginning of the nineteenth century and then elaborated in a complete philosophy. Cut away from their reasoning "the law of diminishing returns" and there is not a single proposition in the whole range of orthodox economics which remains unaffected. In the facts of the situation in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no doubt some justification for this doctrine, though economists in the direct line of

Ricardian succession no longer accept that doctrine as it was originally enunciated and incorporated in the fabric of economic science. Whether a preferential arrangement will or will not raise the cost of food cannot even be approached by the methods of reasoning which find favour amongst the Free Traders, and the available historical evidence to countries which do not satisfy the criteria of the classic economist, and still more the statistical evidence as to the productive capacity of the Empire, show that there is no foundation in theory or fact for the agitation about food taxes of which Free Traders have made so much during the last five years.

When we come to the other side of the preference problem—its value to the trade of the United Kingdom, and the advantages which under a scheme of reciprocity the colonies might extend to us—the evidence is overwhelming. Here also, with a strange perversity, Free Trade critics have taken the facts which prove the urgency of a change of policy on our part to suggest that the advocates of Tariff Reform are weakening on preference, and that the preferences already given by the colonies have no effect. When we take the combined trade of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, the only three self-governing colonies where we can make a comparison over a long series of years, we find a steady and persistent decline in the exports of United Kingdom produce until preference was adopted by Canada. From that period, however, there has been a remarkable increase; and it is noteworthy that of the £50,000,000 worth of goods exported in 1907 from the United Kingdom to these three colonies no less than five-sixths consisted of manufactures. While the trade of the United Kingdom with these colonies showed this movement, first of all downwards then upwards, under the influence of preference, the movement of the trade of foreign countries with the colonies has been steadily progressive throughout the period under consideration. On the figures of the Tariff Commission it is clear that our trade with them would at this period be inconsiderable but for preference. That is obvious, even from the consideration of the total figures of the trade. When however we go to the details of particular groups of articles given by the Tariff Commission, the actual movement due to preference becomes remarkably clear. Wherever the preference has been really operative we find unmistakable evidence of its value to British traders. At the same time the detailed tables given by the Tariff Commission are exceedingly disquieting. The vast variety of articles in which British traders now have to meet the competition of foreign countries in the colonies, and the energy and skill with which this trade is pushed, show that we have reached the point where we have either to follow the example of the colonies and institute a scheme of reciprocal preference, or acquiesce in a great diminution of our colonial trade. Since the trade relations of the Empire are, historically speaking, the basis of nearly all the political, judicial, and other relations which have grown up in the course of centuries, it is difficult to see, in the face of the evidence produced by the Tariff Commission, how the Empire can be maintained unless we change our policy.

There are however earnest Liberals, greatly attached to the Empire, who still hesitate to accept the policy of preference because they are afraid of the constitutional trade difficulties which the policy may involve. The constitutional difficulties are disposed of by the principles laid down over and over again by the colonies in the history of this question, and in fact by the course of action indicated by the Conference resolutions. There is no question of our trying to force upon the colonies a policy they dislike or of their trying to interfere in the fiscal concerns of the United Kingdom. As the memorandum of the Commission states, the development of the autonomous powers of the several self-governing colonies has made it necessary that any commercial arrangement with them should be the result of negotiations between the Imperial and the several colonial Governments as representatives of co-ordinate British States, each having special regard to its own national interests as well as the interests of the Empire as a whole. The actual steps by which Canada and the other self-governing colonies have adopted preference and ex-

tended it to other parts of the Empire indicate the course which we ourselves should take. So far as the trade possibilities go, even on the present figures the Commission estimates that "the import into these colonies of foreign competitive articles must in 1906 have been of the value of about £35,000,000", so that there is a large area of negotiation, even without taking into account the enormous increase in the productive capacity of the Empire as a whole which would be the inevitable result of a reciprocal arrangement. If we turn to the history of colonial tariffs dealt with by the Tariff Commission, not only in the present memorandum but in several others published during the last eighteen months, it is evident upon analysis that there has been a steady movement in the framing of these tariffs favourable to the extension of arrangements within the Empire. All the varied detail to be found in the colonial tariffs falls, as the Tariff Commission memorandum points out, into three broad groups—duties imposed for revenue, duties on competitive products, and preference secured (1) by an Empire free list, (2) by remissions of duty in the first two groups. The tariffs in fact are very well adapted to the extension of the preferential principle which would at once follow reciprocity by the United Kingdom, and the details given in the tables show that it would be by no means a difficult task to arrange a scheme which would be beneficial to all parts of the Empire concerned. This important memorandum proves that we have reached that stage when we can accurately define the problems to be solved and indicate their practical solution.

EXIT THE MILITIA.

"THE days of the militia are over", the Special Reserve is to reign in its stead. Its organisation has become rickety, and its officers and men are dwindling away. So says Mr. Haldane, and possibly he is right. But after his speech in the Commons last Monday, and the various publications he has issued on the subject, we do not see how the new body is to be any great improvement on its much-abused predecessor. It is simply once again the old War Office shuffle of the cards. Most of what was good in the old organisation, traditions and otherwise, has been swept away, and we have the cast rung up again in their well-known parts, but with new names—a game which has been played very often, but never with success as far as we know. The War Secretary's speech abounds with those specious platitudes of which he is so fond—"scientific provision for the wastage of war", and a variation of the same phrase, "a scientific system of producing men who would keep up the wastage of war"—just as if the matter had never been considered by all the War Secretaries and their military advisers. When in doubt, Mr. Haldane always "plays" the General Staff, a body which is continually being paraded in front of us, as if no thinking, clear or otherwise, had ever been done before. The opening of the South African war is cited to us ad nauseam as a comparison between the millennium now and the chaos then. We are by no means prepared to admit, however, that chaos did reign then; and, even granting that it did, we see no reason to suppose that the next crisis will show any great improvement. As to the qualifications of the two military teams, those in office then and now, there cannot be two opinions. In the immediate pre-war period Lord Wolseley was Commander-in-Chief, Sir Redvers Buller Adjutant-General, Sir Evelyn Wood Quartermaster-General, and Sir Henry Brackenbury Director-General of Ordnance. These very distinguished soldiers and brilliant administrators are now replaced by Generals Nicholson, Douglas, Miles and Hadden. Their most enthusiastic admirers—if they have any—will hardly contend that these officers, with the exception, perhaps, of the first, can in any way bear comparison with their predecessors of ten years ago. Nor have we any data or reason for supposing that the remainder of the headquarters staff, call them General Staff or what you will, are any more efficient than those who made the admirable mobilisation arrangements or those who furnished such accurate intelligence reports in 1899. In short, this continual reiteration of the

perfection of the present General Staff is becoming wearisome, and the sooner Mr. Haldane ceases to thunder forth his vainglorious boasts of excellence, the better will it be for all concerned.

If Mr. Haldane's speech be correctly reported, he cannot have taken much pains to master the condition of affairs which existed in the militia before the South African War. He is credited with saying, "The militia at the time of the war was what was called the Militia Reserve—that is to say, a hundred and thirty thousand men were retained in the militia for going abroad with the regular troops"; this is, of course, a grotesque inaccuracy. In those days there was a system by which militiamen on the consideration of an annual retaining fee of one pound bound themselves to serve with the line and go abroad in time of war. This system provided the regular battalions in South Africa with a very valuable draft of thirty thousand good men. Its effect, however, though well for the line, was very disastrous to the militia. Many of the battalions, having shed the flower of their men for the benefit of the line, had to go to South Africa or to colonial stations with very young soldiers, the age limit then existing being even lowered to provide the numbers required. Even with this initial disadvantage, the militia battalions sent abroad acquitted themselves with credit. They proved to be most useful in South Africa on the lines of communication, work for which even their limited amount of training qualified them: and they were also most useful in freeing regular battalions from garrison duty at home and in the colonies, for service in the field. Mr. Haldane's taunt then, that the days of the militia are over, is somewhat unfair, when one considers that on the only occasion in recent years when they were called upon to do anything they very largely exceeded the expectations which had been formed of them. The disadvantages under which they then suffered, however, will be increased enormously under the new system. They, or rather the Special Reserve, are now frankly admitted to exist primarily for furnishing drafts to the line, and in addition to that the seventy-four battalions which are to be behind the seventy-four line battalions serving at home are to "run" the depôts. Moreover, Mr. Haldane still hopes that they, together with the twenty-four militia battalions not disbanded and not included in this category, will still be able to fulfil their traditional rôle of doing garrison duty at home and abroad so as to release regular battalions for service in the field. We doubt if they can do so. During a great crisis the work at the depôts is very arduous, and in 1899, with a separate line staff, their resources were strained to the utmost. The same thing must occur again, and it is quite impossible that the Special Reserve battalions can fulfil the double duty of working the depôts and furnishing garrisons at home and abroad, for of course the remaining twenty-four battalions will not be sufficient for the purpose. This is what will happen. When war breaks out on a large scale, nearly all the diminished number of our regular battalions at home will be required for service in the field; and to take their places there will be far fewer militia battalions than formerly there were. These battalions, too, will not have the traditions attaching to a separate entity as had the old militia battalions. Part of Mr. Haldane's argument also is based on a fallacy. He claims that when certain line battalions have been brought home, in other words when the South African garrison has been further reduced, there will be seventy-four line battalions at home and a similar number abroad. But we know by experience that comparatively slight causes, even without war, as in the recent Egyptian case, may necessitate the despatch of additional battalions abroad, and at once upset the whole calculation. It is true the Special Reservists undertake the liability to serve abroad in case of war, and the old militiamen did not. But when it came to the point, there has never in our whole history been any difficulty in getting a sufficient number of militia units to volunteer for foreign service in wartime. The Napoleonic, the Crimean, and the South African wars amply prove this.

The War Office representatives in both Houses claim that recruiting into the Special Reserve has been

eminently satisfactory. Many have been recruited, no doubt, but why? Because the vicious system of offering bribes has been resorted to. Militiamen who join the Special Reserve for a year are given two pounds, a wasteful expenditure of public money in order to gull the public into the belief that the new departure has been a success. As to the officers, a number have taken on the new conditions, although resignations have been numerous. It is questionable, however, whether in the future, in spite of the inducements offered at the expense of the regulars, many of the right class will join. Mr. Haldane, as Captain Morrison Bell in the course of the debate pointed out, has said that in certain cases Special Reserve officers will take the place of seconded regulars. If this really be his intention, an additional hardship will be inflicted on regular officers, whose prospects of promotion have already in many cases been considerably retarded by the disbandment of so many battalions, and the consequent necessity of providing for the officers concerned. No doubt plenty of militia or Special Reserve officers would come forward. But Mr. Haldane would not get the best material: he would generally only get the "waster" who could neither pass into the Army nor get on in any other walk in life. As regards the others, in spite of fair words it cannot be said that there is much inducement for the right class of officer to join. After thirty-five he is only allowed to serve on surference. In other words it is admitted that ordinary militia officers are not wanted in the higher ranks, which will be filled by regular officers.

In view of all these considerations, then, we are justified in asking how, after having got rid of the old militia, we are to be better off in a great national crisis than we were before. As a fact all these abortive schemes are necessarily doomed to failure at their inception, because they have this fault in common—they all shirk the real issue—conscription.

THE VICIOUS CIRCUIT.

ONE of the oldest legal institutions in the country is dying, and dying unconscionably slowly. It would be unnecessary to tell any lawyer that we are speaking of the circuit system: and he would at once recall the many painful efforts that have been made during the last thirty years to give some show of vitality to the moribund body. The layman as yet hardly realises how the circuit system always lies in the way and prevents him from reaching his ideal of cheap and speedy law. Great lawyers have reformed for him the Common Law Courts and procedure, the Chancery Courts and procedure, and the system of conveyancing; they have pulled up the old Courts by the roots and abolished the centuries-old distinction between Common Law and Equity, and set up in almost every town a County Court for the trial of small cases which once could only have been tried at the Assizes or in London. The only remaining legal thing which a lawyer of the time of Lord Brougham or Lord Campbell would recognise is the circuits and the barristers' wigs. And the circuits they would scorn as degenerate. They would ask, Why do you keep them going at all in such a condition? The business we used to do there seems now to come to London. In our time, before the railways, when country was cut off from town, it was worth while closing the Courts in London for weeks. Now you do not completely close them but you send away so many Judges that you might as well. They go down to the country, leaving the business that has come to London undone, and they find there is very little to do when they get to the assize towns. The consequence must be as we see it is, that the London Courts are choked with arrears of business: and you are always crying out for more Judges which the Government will not give you.

This week, which closes the legal year, the Judges have issued a scheme purporting to fix for the coming year the kind of Courts that shall sit and the Judges who shall sit in them, and arranged with the object of keeping eight Judges constantly in London. The number of Judges who go circuit has only been increased by one during many years, and yet during these years there is hardly a Judge or a legal newspaper

that has not declared that unless more Judges were made it would be impossible to keep the Courts moderately efficient. Time after time in the same period the Judges have re-arranged the circuits, and the changes have been rung until it might be thought all possible combinations had been made. The object they sought has never been attained; and they have always been baffled. The interest of this week's scheme lies in there being at the back of it a new manipulation of the circuits. The Judges are once more trying to create the illusion that, after all they have said about impossibility, they can ride two horses at the same time. The novelty of the attempt seems to be that a Judge instead of being confined to one circuit is to go into several before he comes back to London. The importance of this is that if it fails, the circuit system must die at last. This and the scheme for London business hang together. Outside of pure mathematics or the Daylight Saving Bill there is nothing to be found which ignores more determinedly all actual physical conditions and the uncertainties and infirmities of human nature. The Judges must have imagined themselves mechanical automata with a power of constructing their own machinery on a principle of perpetual motion. Whereas we know and they know too well that they are elderly and old gentlemen who often break down and want long holidays.

This latest attempt then to achieve the impossible under present conditions is even more hopeless than those that have been made before. It is only practicable if either the circuits are abolished or three or four more Judges are appointed. The one objection to making more Judges is that it is an unintelligent, lazy, hand-to-mouth expedient. The greatest reform that has been made since the Judicature Acts is needed; and it is Parliament and not the Judges that has the power to effect it. Here are the Judges struggling with the new incalculable fact of the Criminal Appeal Court. This is a new Court already demanding three Judges sitting one day a week; a fresh load on the already over-burdened Courts. It has at present one hundred and fifty applications for appeal in its list. What could be more alarming to lawyers than to hear that the Court may have to sit frequently even during the Long Vacation? This is enough to make the present generation of Judges and lawyers tear their hair, and the old generations to rise from their graves. There has been a sudden rise in the work of the Criminal Appeal Court; and the probabilities are that its personnel will have to be as fixed as that of the Civil Appeal Courts, and not dependent on Judges who are scurrying to the country one week, and scurrying back to town another. With this new difficulty to contend with, it is less likely than ever it was before that the effort to carry on the work of London and that of the country together will be successful. Even with three more Judges the position would not be better than it was prior to the appearance of the Criminal Appeal Court.

How many more Judges then would have to be appointed? We cannot go on appointing them indefinitely merely that we may keep up the circuit system, when every year the work on circuit becomes less and less. Judges for show purposes are not desirable; nor is it likely that the money will be obtained for employing them. The Lord Chancellor has promised for the Government that if it were found the Court of Criminal Appeal required the appointment of more Judges, even £15,000 a year extra would not be deemed an extravagant price for keeping up the Courts to their work. But this was entirely prompted by what might happen if the new Criminal Court absorbed the time of the Judges as it now seems likely to do. No Government has ever promised to make additional Judges in any other event. And for this reason, that there has been an uneasy consciousness that it was the antiquated system of administration, and especially that of the circuits, which kept the Courts unequal to modern requirements. Until it seemed hopeless to expect any Government to bring in a great measure of reform of legal procedure the cry for more Judges did not become persistent. It was as a last resort that lawyers, alarmed at "the denial of justice" through delay, insisted that at least more Judges should be

appointed. The layman may ask, And why should not the circuits be reformed if there has been so much outcry against them from lawyers and business men? There are several reasons. One is that for some seven hundred years the Judges have gone their circuits, and in that time it may be supposed what legal and local interests have grown up in localities where the Assizes have been held for hundreds of years. It is a point of honour with such old-time places not to lose the one solitary distinction they have left. The coming of the Judges several times a year is also profitable to many local people. For these combined reasons there is always tremendous outcry if any alteration is made or threatened in the circuits. And these local feelings are always backed up by lawyers. The circuits are a sort of game preserve for many of them. Only the lawyers who belong to a particular circuit have the right to attend at the assize towns on that circuit, and they are protected from the general competition of the Bar. They often make the greater part of their professional income on circuit, and any alteration would be to their disadvantage. No one would suggest such a system if it had to be made for the first time in these days; but it is easy to see how little any Government likes to stir up centres of opposition against itself in a great number of these places. It is very likely indeed that no Government will take the matter in hand directly. They will let the system go on until it has completely exhausted itself. There are the County Courts, for example, which have done so much to take business away both from the High Court and from the Circuit Courts. Their jurisdiction has been steadily extended, and before long it will go much further. There is at present a new County Court Bill in Parliament. Then it is probable that for criminal business new Courts will be established on the model of the Central Criminal Court; and this would break down that part of the work now done on circuit at Quarter Sessions and Assizes. The worst features of the circuit system are seen in the long delays in criminal cases when persons, afterwards often acquitted, are detained for months awaiting trial. In the meantime we shall see next year a bewildered crowd of Judges and lawyers trying to work up to an impossible time-table; and the administration of law in the Courts will be what it has been so long, an undignified scramble.

THE CITY.

THE general feeling on the Stock Exchange seems to have taken a turn for the better, though the volume of business is still insignificant. The speech of the chairman at the extraordinary general meeting of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, at which the sanction of the shareholders was given to the further issue of £3,000,000 ordinary capital, has restored tone to the Argentine railway market, and the leading stocks have risen slightly. In the opinion of Lord St. David's the prices of Argentine railway stocks are more likely to go up than down before September; and with steadily increasing traffics and expanding prosperity in the River Plate, nothing but a political revolution or a financial panic can send prices down.

The gamble in "Esperanzas", whose shares have risen on a rich find from 25s. to £3, supplied the mining market with a much-needed fillip of excitement in these dolorous dog-days. Of course the cabled news only reaches the market a fortnight after the insiders have made their purchases, but that, we fear, is inseparable from all mining business. The reports of the East Rand Proprietary and its subsidiaries, Driefontein, Comet, Angelo, and Cason, should satisfy everybody but that confirmed pessimist, Mr. Charles Duguid, who expresses a doubt whether the East Rand dividends of 45 per cent. can be maintained. The total revenue for the year ending December 1907 of the East Rand Proprietary was £521,000 (its capital is £1,000,000), £481,722 representing dividends from its subsidiary companies. The expenditure amounted to £17,059, thus leaving a credit balance of £504,277, which, added to £131,612 brought forward, gives a total credit of £635,890, out of which dividends amounting to 45 per cent. have been paid to the shareholders, £59,947 has been paid to the

H.F. Company in satisfaction of its 25 per cent. lien on the profits (which has now been liquidated), and £125,942 has been carried forward into this year. Speaking of the subsidiary companies the report states: "The most satisfactory feature of the year's operations is the appreciable decrease in the cost of production. The average cost per ton for the year was 21s. 5'42d., which is 2s. 11'0d. less than that for the year 1906, while the average cost for the second half of the year 1907, viz. 20s. 0'51d. shows a reduction of 4s. 3'93d. on the average of 1906. The management confidently look forward to still further decreases as operations are extended." This was written six months ago. "The total ore reserves at 31 December 1907 stood at 5,197,284 tons, of which 3,789,732 tons have an average assay value of 7'8 dwt. The total tonnage milled for the year was 1,286,633 tons, from which were recovered 546,325'039 ounces fine gold, having a value of £2,327,725. The cost of production was £1,380,042, leaving a balance of £947,633, out of which a sum of £794,375 was distributed in dividends to shareholders in the subsidiary companies." If Mr. Duguid knows a better managed or more profitable mining company than the East Rand Proprietary, we wish he would name it. At the present price of £4, the shares yield the investor a return of 10 per cent. We know of only one really established mining proposition which yields a higher return, namely, Alaska Treadwells, which at their present price of £5 yield the purchaser a return of 14 per cent. The Kaffir magnates used to say that on a really established mining proposition 5 per cent. was enough; but in these days of high rates of interest people would probably look for 7 or 8 per cent. On this basis the above-mentioned mining shares have a substantial rise before them, especially as they are both full of dividend.

There was quite an interesting discussion in the House of Lords on Wednesday about Government finance and the price of Consols. We have never believed in the talk about the Funds being depressed by the policy of the Radical Government. Lord St. David's, in an interesting maiden speech, gave two very good reasons for the fall in Consols, namely, the withdrawal of money from Lombard Street by the activity of trade in the north, and the opening of Colonial Government bonds to trustees. But with all deference to Lord St. David's we cannot see any connexion between the high price of provisions and the low price of Consols. The man who is hit by the price of a pound of meat, or relieved by the price of a pound of sugar, is not an investor or a speculator in Consols. There is one other cause for the depression of our premier security to which Lord St. David's, with natural modesty, did not allude, namely, the constant creation of new capital for foreign railways and foreign Governments and municipalities. The demands of Irish land purchase, which are constantly hanging over our heads, are a still further obstacle in the way of a rise in Consols, which we cannot advise anybody to buy as a speculation.

INSURANCE.—HOUSE-PURCHASE COMPANIES.

IT is always pleasant to have one's opinion corroborated by competent authority. On 6 June, referring to the subject of house-purchase and insurance, we stated that "the bulk of this house-purchase business has got into the hands of an extremely unsatisfactory set of companies. Speaking generally, the prospectuses are entirely misleading. Steps ought to be taken to prevent the thrifty poorer classes being victimised by the unscrupulous managers of these house-purchase concerns." Quite recently Judge Parry had the Provincial Homes Investment Company before him in the Manchester County Court. The wife of a policeman sued for the return of £37 10s. paid by her to the company by way of premiums on a bond. His Honour said that as a method of saving money no sane person would for a moment put money into such a concern, and he was struck by the fact that the woman was induced to join because the agent said it would not have been advertised in a certain temperance periodical unless it was a

genuine thing, and she believed in it because it was so advertised. Judge Parry went on to say that every page of this company's prospectus contained statements that were either direct untruths or alluring half-truths; though if carefully read there were always in the background modifications showing how insincere the promises were. He gave judgment for the plaintiff, and has sent the papers to the Board of Trade in order that they may consider whether there is any power in that Department to put an end to the existence of so undesirable a company. Counsel for the company told the Judge that there had already been a Government inquiry into this class of company and that the Provincial Homes was the only company which had been favourably reported upon. His Honour's remark was: "I am very sorry to hear about it then; I hope it will be put right; I cannot understand any sane person reporting in favour of it".

We are not prepared to say that there are any other companies which are worse than the Provincial Homes, but we could name many which are just as bad, and there are swarms of them of which we have never heard. Almost every week brings us the prospectus of some hitherto unknown concern of the same sort. These house-purchase companies are of two kinds; some combine their business with life assurance and some issue bonds which have nothing to do with the duration of life. The former class have made a deposit of £20,000 and have to file returns annually with the Board of Trade. It seems to us that it would be advisable to require a deposit and annual returns from all companies of this kind. The reason why life offices, and more recently employers' liability insurance companies, have been compelled to send in returns to the Board of Trade is that their contracts are of long duration, which fire insurance contracts are not; the latter for the most part can be transferred without loss to another company at any time. Life policies and house-purchase bonds cannot be so transferred. Frequently the conditions of these bonds are that policyholders have to pay for thirty years, and are then entitled to withdraw all the money they have paid, with interest at 2½ per cent. Unless the owner of the bond dies within the thirty years, in which case his heirs may sometimes get back the money he has paid, he cannot withdraw his money at any time until the end of the thirty years. If he has paid for five years the company will give him a paid-up certificate, promising to give him back what he has paid at the end of thirty years from the outset. It is extremely improbable that many of these companies will last for thirty years, and it would be well, in view of the long term for which the contracts have to run, that regulations similar to those of the Life Assurance Companies Acts should apply to these companies.

Of course the innocent victims are encouraged to expect that money will be lent to them for house-purchase purposes: there is no sort or kind of guarantee that this will be done, and the expectations of such advances are generally not realised. People would do far better to put their money in a sound savings' bank, from which they could obtain it whenever they wanted it, or take a life assurance policy in a good office. We have previously explained that it is possible to use to very good advantage life assurance in connexion with house-purchase: there are two companies which make rather a feature of this class of business, which deserve to be exempted from the adverse criticism which most house-purchase companies have richly earned. These two are the Century and the Scottish Temperance Insurance Companies. It is perhaps possible that there are some others which are well conducted, but as a whole companies making a special business of house-purchase are better avoided.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN STYLES AT HENLEY.

BY REGINALD P. P. ROWE.

IN Mr. R. C. Lehmann's new book on rowing, "The Complete Oarsman",* there is a most interesting chapter on the style adopted by countries other than our own. Quotations from an authoritative treatise by

* London: Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Van De Waerden explain very clearly the method adopted by Belgian crews, and a resolution of the New South Wales Rowing Association, passed as recently as May 1907, lays down the principles accepted by that body as orthodox. The quotations from Mr. Van De Waerden are short and to the point, but the New South Wales resolution was virtually the adoption of theories advocated by Mr. McFarlane in a long letter. Copious extracts from this letter are given, and they leave no doubt as to Mr. McFarlane's teaching on all essential points. Mr. Lehmann, whose previous chapters contain an exhaustive and accurate exposition of the accepted principles of English style, declares that the theories of the two writers referred to differ in no essential point from our own. The truth of this statement depends on the value given to the word "essential". Personally, as I shall presently explain, I regard the difference even in theory as essential in several points. But, granted that there is a strong similarity between the principles here laid down and those of our own school, there is a world of difference to the eye between the rowing of English and of all foreign crews. For the purpose of this article I include "colonial" under the heading "foreign", because colonial oarsmanship is much nearer in style to that of continental countries than to our own.

Before returning to the paper theories of the gentlemen quoted by Mr. Lehmann it may be as well to consider why it is that foreign rowing looks so strange to the English eye. In the days when crews from abroad began to enter regularly at Henley they were invariably regarded on their first appearance with a fine contempt by the average English rowing man. "No good at all!" was probably his terse and complete criticism of some American or continental eight that had put out for the first time on Henley waters. Now this remark was not due merely to British insularity. Since his rowing career began he had been brought up to believe in certain definite and fixed principles of oarsmanship, and not only so, but he had grown accustomed to seeing these principles translated into action in a certain definite way. If you had told him that the foreign crew in question owned allegiance to principles which were virtually his own, he would have either laughed at the notion or declared that they were utterly incapable of carrying them out. The English temperament is naturally conservative and shrinks from anything of a revolutionary character—from anything, that is to say, to which it is unaccustomed. And foreign oarsmanship is a spectacle to which the English eye has been slow to accustom itself. Even now it is so far removed from our own in appearance that its strangeness often blinds us to its merits. Yet it is hard at first to say wherein the variation especially lies. After watching many foreign and colonial crews, and particularly those which have just taken part in the Olympic Regatta at Henley, I have come to the conclusion that the difference is chiefly a difference in rhythm. It is true that the most obvious fault, according to our ideas, in this foreign rowing is its lack of swing, but this is not what causes its peculiarity. I have seen English crews as short in body-swing, but their oarsmanship did not look in the least foreign. In Mr. Lehmann's book already quoted a good deal is said on the subject of rhythm. Rhythm may be defined as the proportionate duration of the swing forward to the swing back. According to Mr. Lehmann (he is expounding the ideal of English oarsmanship) this should be in the relation of two to one. Now though this is, as it were, one of the accepted copybook maxims of our theory, it is probably inaccurate as a statement of fact. Until some superhumanly gifted machine is invented which will determine exactly the duration of the swing forward and the swing back, it will be impossible to say what the true proportion should be, i.e. what it is in the rowing of a good crew. Probably one and a half to one would be nearer the mark for anything like a racing stroke. In the meantime to aim at the impossible tends to the correction of error. The point to be noted is that in the principles laid down by Mr. Van De Waerden and Mr. McFarlane no attempt is made to define the proportionate duration of the two movements referred to, nor, for the matter of that, is there any mention of the word "rhythm".

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the swing forward should look so curious to us in the rowing of these alien crews. Usually it is faster than our own, in spite of the tendency to hang over the stretcher so noticeable in almost all foreign rowing, and indeed in some cases the duration of swing forward to swing back seems nearer one to one than two to one. But whatever the time taken over this part of the stroke, the fact remains that it has a very peculiar appearance to the man accustomed to English oarsmanship. It is never an even-paced swing all the way. Almost invariably the bodies spring forward very quickly after the hands and then slow down noticeably till they hang, or nearly hang, when right forward. The rowing of the Belgians amongst others has this peculiarity, and yet I hardly like to include their oarsmanship under the same heading as that of the other foreign crews. In some points it is remarkably good. In rhythm they certainly approach nearer to the ideal two to one than even any English crew. They achieve this, it is true, partly through the excessive shortness of their stroke in the water, but on the other hand the effective force of their stroke (the blades are driven through like lightning) and the admirable quickness and neatness of their recovery are merits that conduce largely to the result. So quick and uniform is the wrist work on the recovery that it becomes easy for the bodies to swing forward very steadily, and while they are doing so the boat is shooting unimpeded beneath them. In one point the rowing of this year's Belgian crew showed marked improvement on that of its predecessors. There was much less of an appearance of "hang" over the stretchers, and while the bodies were as steady as ever there was less time wasted before the blades entered the water. On the whole I am inclined to think that the Belgians at the Olympic Regatta, though they lost to Leander after beating Cambridge, were faster than they were when they won the Grand in 1906 and 1907. And yet undoubtedly their style is wrong in one cardinal feature—in lack of swing and consequent shortness of stroke.

To return to the "paper" principles of the Belgian coach before referred to, these seem to me more noticeably wrong in one or two respects than the actual rowing of Belgian crews would lead one to expect. Mr. Van De Waerden says that the oarsmen must swing back "without moving the slide", which must be used as "simply a continuation of the stroke". This according to our ideas is an unsound ruling. Practically it hardly affects the result in this case, because as the Belgian oarsman does not appreciably swing forward, he cannot appreciably swing back before using his slide and incidentally his legs. In other words his stroke is all "continuation". Another principle of Mr. Van De Waerden's would also appear un-English, at least in statement—that the arms must not bend till both slide and body have finished their backward movement. As the Belgian finish and recovery are remarkably good this seems to me merely an inaccurate expression of the result desired. Mr. McFarlane's ruling is in agreement with that of the Belgian coach on this point. As I have not seen a New South Wales crew I cannot tell how his theory is carried out in practice, but if the letter of the law is rigidly adhered to it must mean a break-up of the last part of the stroke and a weak finish. Unless the arms begin to bend just before body and legs have completed their work it seems impossible to maintain an even movement of the blade. Other principles laid down by Mr. McFarlane sound even more dangerous. He insists, for instance, several times over, that the oarsman must be able very easily to reach his front stop. This, as Mr. Lehmann says, is unwise, as when a man's muscles have become more pliant through practice, he will probably ram his front stop hard and fall over it. Again Mr. McFarlane says that when the body is right forward "no sharp lift of the hands is necessary, but the act of lifting the shoulders on the catch will enter the blade properly", and again that the body must be steadied when forward by "keeping a strain on the footstraps", and yet again that after the catch the body must swing back beyond the perpendicular before the slide moves. I daresay Mr. McFarlane's pupils do not translate these principles

very literally into action, but if they do I can only picture New South Wales crews as pulling their bodies up with their straps, tumbling violently over their front stops, and rowing the first part of their stroke in the air and the remainder in three distinct pieces in the water. There was no crew at the Olympic Regatta which rowed so badly as this, but in many respects the oarsmanship of the Canadians and all the foreigners seemed based on the principles common to the two authorities quoted. It would be of value to all interested in rowing methods if the accepted theories of all these crews could be put on paper. As it was the Olympic Regatta showed very clearly in the contrast between the rowing of Leander and of the foreign eights the broad practical difference that exists between English style at its best and that of other countries.

ON PANJANDRUMS.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

I RISE from the perusal of three thick charmingly bound volumes, containing a translation of Manucci's "Storia do Mogor", or "History of the Moguls", which has been translated admirably by Mr. Irvine, and published by the Government of India through Mr. Murray, who by the way is to be congratulated on his pleasant task.

And rising, I look round my world, aghast at its staidness, its flatness, its unprofitableness. For it is not only the whole live India contained between these charming covers that I miss, it is not the glare of real Indian-yellow sunshine, the harshly sensuous real Indian-yellow atmosphere which I lack, it is the absence of a real Panjandrum! Look where I will over the Western hemisphere I find neither in the immediate present nor in the immediate past a single figure worthy of that honorific title. Even the White Tsar of All the Russias has now a whole Duma, instead of a little round button on the top, and the German Emperor's excellent efforts to fulfil the part are somewhat pantomimic.

Indeed, extinct has become the genus "Panjandrum" so that half Europe smiles and asks what it means. Shall I refer the twentieth century to the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable"?—that bulky book which is at once the cradle and the grave of imagination, since it sets down fact and fancy alike with indiscriminating stolidity.

In this case, however, it is more than passively commonplace; it is actively exasperating, for it asserts that "Panjandrum" is "a village boss who imagines himself the Magnus Apollo of his neighbours".

A boss! Great powers above, Dr. Brewer! How came you to associate an Americanism with so majestic, so mysterious a word as Panjandrum? And how far does the sacrilege carry us towards the inner meaning of that remarkable, absolutely un-English term?

PANJ-AN-DRUM!

Now, derivations are deceitful, but surely the Indian word "panj-in-drin", or the testimony of the five senses, which in that country is held to be the bed-rock of sound evidence, brings us some light. The cognate panj-ayet, or Council of Five Elders, gives a glimmer also, and leads us on to see in the Great Panjandrum the collective wisdom of the world. In other words, the despotism of truth, as recognised . . .

By whom? That is the question. By the multitude? That is to say, was the Great Panjandrum a mere Socialist, and ought we to grant the title to—let us say—Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, or the host of good men and true who observe the tactics of Fabius?

Hardly. For the Socialism of the East is not the Socialism of the West. Western socialism is based on the rights of the individual, eastern on the rights of race.

That is, I deem it, why it is so refreshing to think, even, of a "Panjandrum" in these latter days, when the right of a council-school girl to learn French is held of equal importance to the right of the Anglo-Saxon to lead the way in the world. It is delightful to picture to ourselves how the greatest Panjandrum who

ever lived, Akbar the Magnificent, would have settled offhand some of the vexed problems of to-day. Take the education question to begin with. The difficulties of the twentieth century appear to have existed even in the sixteenth. Hindu schools were pitted against Mohammedan schools, and in both an intolerable amount of time was wasted over inessentials. Akbar saw this at a glance, and, hey presto! the fiat went forth which altered the curriculum and reduced the hours of tuition by one-half! We do not manage things so speedily nowadays.

Then there is the Licensing Bill. In this case Aurungzib was the Panjandrum. Being determined to root out the vice of drunkenness from Delhi, his first measure was "to order all Christians to leave the town and live beyond the suburbs at a league's distance from the city, where they had leave to prepare and drink spirits on condition they did not sell them". (This is not, by the way, very creditable to the Christian!)

His next was to cut off one hand and foot from every Hindu and Mohammedan tavern-keeper who continued to sell liquor. It was a more stringent measure than our fourteen-years limit, and I am bound to say, with regret, that it was not successful—though once again the Christians do not come out blameless—for this is the unbiassed opinion of Signor Manucci: "But such was the Christians' insolence and absence of shame that they did not desist" (from selling spirits). "They were of many nations, mostly thieves and criminals; and, without slandering anyone, I can say with truth that the Christians . . . were worse than the Mohammedans and Hindus, were devoid of the fear of God, had ten or twelve wives, were constantly drunk, had no occupation but gambling, and were eager to cheat whomsoever they could." This is not a pleasing picture, and we are forced to find it likely that the drawer of it is correct in saying further: "For these reasons the Feringhies have not in the Mogul country the estimation they formerly had."

Take again the subject of Fiscal Reform. How we waste words over it! How we snigger over caricatures, and talk twaddle year after year. How the tide sets one way, then another, leaving England perplexed, not knowing which way to steer her Hearts of Oak.

Aurungzib, that most panjandrumic of potentates, settled his fiscal difficulties in a much more speedy fashion, and in carrying it out did a thing which our good friend Niccolao Manucci says "forms a lesson to princes as to the mode of making themselves obeyed". He ordained that the rupee (which was at that time only worth 7d.) should pass as being worth 14d.; and when, despite the King's gracious explanation that reasons of State demanded the alteration, the bankers were contumacious, he sent for the lot of them to the Royal Bastion. What followed is best told in Manucci's own words.

"He told them quite quietly that resistance must end; that the rupee must pass for twice its former value. The bankers were firm in their contention . . . they could not comply, as the loss caused would be beyond calculation. Aurungzib then quite quietly without any movement of his body issued an order to throw the oldest of the bankers from the bastion. This being done, the rest, terrorised, said they would obey. So never another word was heard upon the subject, but to this time the rupee is worth double and so the people have obtained relief."

Without even a movement of his body! Could authority go further?

Small need in those days for a Chancellor of the Exchequer; even the astuteness of Mr. Lloyd George could not amend such a magnificent budget as Aurungzib must have gathered in that year; while all the Poor Law Commissions in the world, all the penny-wise old-age pensions that could be proposed, could not go further in aid of poverty than halving the debts and doubling the income of a whole nation!

Now all this is the speech of a fool; such things are ludicrous, absurd, impossible. And yet has not humanity lost something really valuable by the passing of the Panjandrum? Has not authority almost ceased to exist? It lives no longer in family life. Pater and Mater are chums; they are too wise to claim what their sons and daughters do not choose to give them.

And so it is everywhere; the individual right is held supreme. There is no discipline, no obedience for obedience's sake. It is not in the least expedient that one man should die for the people. Everyone has to be saved and so the collective wisdom of the world becomes such a parliament as that which now controls the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Can one say more?

Pour moi, I prefer the Panjandrum. He is at least picturesque. So, as I close the charming covers of Niccolao Manucci's charming "*Storia do Mogor*", I am left with a vision of Akbar, the greatest Panjandrum of them all. Tall, sinewy, strong, his face "of a godlike dignity", he dispenses justice at first hand to his people. Through the marble arches of his audience hall, the real Indian-yellow sunlight shows on the scarlet-crimson of the pomegranate blossoms that in due season will grow to many-seeded fruit. It flashes, too, on the gems and silken stuffs of the court; but the King is in pure white. He sits on the step below the empty throne; for the majesty of the real Panjandrum comes from the absolute authority behind him. He is but the visible link in the invisible chain which "binds all things about the feet of good".

FRANCO-BRITISH.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

I SHOULD like to insist once again on the value of Mr. Hugh Lane's achievement at Dublin, which is echoed in the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. For Mr. Lane has erased another "impossible". Many of us, no doubt, have imagined a public collection of modern art that should be rigorously choice, representative and distinguished. But as to realising such a dream, do we not know how the practical person and the art lover and the experienced connoisseur all meet the question? They shrug their shoulders, and say "Admirable, admirable; but, of course, it can't be done". Well, Mr. Lane has done it. And having congratulated him, let us take his success to heart and be a little less despondent.

Want of faith is what is the matter with us. When anyone suggests putting up a statue in our streets, a hundred people at once write angrily and hopelessly to the newspapers, protesting against an addition to the dreary objects we have already. By all means destroy those paralysing examples. But why assume so fervently that nothing better can ever be produced in England? First make sure that no young sculptor shall get a chance, and then complain that we have no sculptors; that is the way of our superior people. It is the same with monumental art of any kind. And always we hear the complacent undertone of regret: If this were only France! . . . I say complacent, being convinced that at bottom this depreciation of English capabilities is a subtle form of self-flattery. In Mr. Pinero's latest play a young lady is asked by her Philistine relations about her drawing. She has been studying in Paris. Her answer is that, though good enough for this side of the Channel, it is not quite good enough for "over there". A subdued murmur of satisfaction rippled through the S. James' audience. It is an accepted idea, an article of faith, in England that we are an inartistic nation. We pride ourselves on our clear-sighted, manly recognition of the fact. Now how much truth is there in this general British belief? Was it because his drawing was not quite good enough for "over there" that Alphonse Legros left his native country for this inartistic island? Hardly. England, I fancy, has been kinder to, and more practically appreciative of, fine and rare genius in art than has France. And yet, undeniably, appreciation of the arts and respect for artists are more general and inherent in Frenchmen than in Englishmen. The truth is that in France there is a higher average both of production and of taste and intelligence. In England it is scattered individuals who count; but these rarely fail to find or to use their opportunities; and their independence adds to their power. Original genius in France has to face more than an indifferent public; it has to face the authority of official opinion, which is usually hostile. French taste is something positive, coherent, organised, in a sense

quite unknown here. The taste may be bad taste, and often is, no doubt; still it is taste, implying conscious choice. Here, so far as the general public is concerned, there seems to be no taste at all, neither good nor bad. Our public is ready to accept anything. This is a weakness in one sense; but at the same time it gives more chance to original power. The mistake made by superior people is that they persist in pretending that there is an inherent incapacity in our race for art, whether in the way of production or of appreciation. If any thing more than another contributes towards such incapacity, it is this barren attitude. The so-called Palace of Art at Shepherd's Bush reflects this state of mind. The one thought of the organisers, apparently, has been to conciliate the public (really a form of contempt). The representative works of art are smothered in mediocrity and prettiness. The galleries are crowded with people who wander in a bored, bewildered way from one picture or statue to another. They would not be more bored by a finely selected array of works that really mean something in the art of England; and they would be less bewildered. Our public, I maintain, will accept good art just as readily as bad. Why not get them into a good habit? The good habit is everything.

An exhibition which should set out in choice and grouped examples the achievement of English art in the nineteenth century would not only have been a great attraction to all foreigners of taste, it would have given a real stimulus of hope and vigour to our contemporary art and to public opinion in England. Wolverhampton, in the year of its exhibition, thanks to the energy and courage of Mr. L. W. Hodson, pointed the way to what might have been done in London on a more splendid scale. Mr. Lane, in Dublin, has given us a more recent object-lesson. But such an exhibition still remains a desideratum for London.

It is particularly to be regretted that the art of water-colour is so oddly and inadequately represented. Water-colour is especially associated with Britain, and there is naturally an interest and curiosity among Frenchmen about this side of our art. In spite of the vast amount of laborious insipidity that has been consecrated to the medium in this country, how fine a show might be made, and how new to foreign eyes! It would have been much better to leave out the earlier masters altogether and to begin with the decadence and corruption of the art than to throw in such haphazard, ill-considered, and miserably scanty specimens as are vouchsafed us. A few Turners, one poor Cozens, one poor Girtin, and no Cotman at all is a collection that has no meaning. The Pre-Raphaelites are in comparison quite richly represented, with Rossetti's splendid "*Paolo and Francesca*", Madox Brown's "*Romeo and Juliet*", Burne-Jones' "*Green Summer*", and Simeon Solomon's "*Greek High Priest*". But far the greater part of the section is given up to the elaborate water-colour which is hardly distinguishable in effect from oils, and in which the special felicities of the medium are resolutely ignored and denied.

I had meant to write something of the achievement of France in nineteenth-century art. But that must wait for another occasion. If the French committee had got together a really representative collection, even a small one, how it would crush the English section! But the selection and arrangement are perhaps even more deplorable. It is quite easy to miss some of the fine things scattered about the walls, especially as the glare of bright canvases combines with the intolerable heat of the galleries to produce extreme exhaustion. One of the most beautiful pictures in the collection is the small "*Venus Anadyomene*" of that rare and most interesting artist Chassériau (No. 106), and it is skied.

AT THE RIVER.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

ALONG the bank of the brown, swirling, southern river fringed with tamarisks, the army straggled, in a confused, tumultuous mass. The sun was sinking slowly, although there remained an hour or two of light. Alone on a white horse, in the fine rain that hung like

dew upon his fleecy haik, the Sultan sat, leaning back against the cantle of his high red saddle, and looking at his army with an air half of amusement, mixed with boredom and yet with some remains of pride, as if he felt he was, out there in the brown sand, close to the rushing water, underneath the sky, and in the middle of the half nomadic horde, more the Commander of the Faithful than in his palaces at Fez or Mequinez.

His umbrella-bearer on a chestnut horse with a white tail and mane, and seared with marks of firing against contingent equine maladies, sat with the umbrella folded, and the runners who trot beside the Sultan on the march sprawled about carelessly upon the sand. The infantry in dark-blue jackets and pink or scarlet trousers to the knees, barefooted, and with ragged fezzes on their heads, were huddled like a flock of sheep, all in disorder, carrying their rifles with fixed bayonets, or in any way they chose; their officers, dressed in half-Turkish, half-European uniforms, looked just like monkeys on a barrel organ, on their enormous Moorish saddles which need the haik or the burnoose to make them picturesque.

Behind the infantry came a confused and mixed-up mass of horsemen, drawn from the tamer Arab tribes. All wore their national dress of dusky white, and all sat on their wild-eyed horses, as only those who pass their lives on horseback sit, easy and unconstrained and swaying to the slightest movement, with the set features and the roving glance of men accustomed to look out upon a wide horizon, and to behold an enemy in everything that moved.

They held their guns upright like spears, or else beneath their thighs between the saddle and the girth, in the same manner that the Spaniards and the Mexicans have taken from them, together with the long and open reins, the bit with solid curb, and the swift way of mounting in one motion, just as a bird starts on its flight without an effort that the eye can see, so different from the uncouth gymnastics of the civilised, when they climb on a horse.

No one dismounted, though the army had been halted almost for an hour during the time the Sultan was receiving a deputation from a tribe, which came bringing an offering of sheep and oxen and a long train of covered dishes piled high with couscousou. Some of the horsemen sprawled flat upon their horses' necks, and others sat, one leg across the pommel of the saddle, and now and then a man twitched his bit sharply, when a shrill scream proclaimed that someone had allowed his horse to approach too near his neighbour's, and a fight was imminent. Three or four mountain guns, on camels, constituted the artillery, and in the rear an heterogeneous mass of tribesmen, women, negroes and all the flotsam and the jetsam which in North Africa accompanies an army on the march, on foot, on horseback, perched on asses and on mules, waited impassively, just as they had arrived upon the river's bank, till orders came to cross. Upon the flank of the strange wild battalions a little to the right the Sultan's baggage mules had halted, fine, fat beasts, bearing his tents, his treasures, and the necessary rubbish that in Morocco every Sultan always has carried on the road. A guard of tribesmen from the south attended them, thin, wiry men, whose tattered haiks were brown with sand. Some of them carried hooded hawks behind them on a pad, which swayed and balanced, as their owners' horses moved, just as a man sways with the motion of a ship. Each chief had his own train of baggage animals upon a smaller scale, which were mingled with the rest and huddled round his flag, just as the Sultan's personal attendants were grouped about the blood-red banner, which once the Salée rovers flaunted on the sea.

Some European officers, dressed in fine uniforms of scarlet cloth, over which hung a light and fleecy white selhâm, their heads adorned with the round Turk's-head turban which only members of the Government may wear, were near the Sultan, and now and then he talked to them, about photography, the Röntgen rays, and all the wonders to be seen in Paris and in London, and the delights of Europe, which he, by the virtue of his holy station, could but behold in newspapers, but which appeared, by virtue of their unattainability, a thousand times superior to the delights he knew.

And as they sat and talked the army gradually became mixed up with the camp followers, and the long straggling lines of pimp-faced, pink-clad infantry sat down upon the sand, sheltering themselves in groups of twos and threes under a haik held up by rifle-barrels. A non-commissioned officer, dressed in dark blue, with brown bare legs, and with his European boots slung round his neck, stepped to the baggage mules, and drawing out a tray of sweets went from group to group calling out "Ya Muley Edris", the cry with which the sweetmeat sellers hawk their wares in Fez.

Trade never has dishonoured in the East, at least amongst the Arabs, so a grave smile flitted across the Sultan's negroid features as he turned sideways on his fat white horse and watched the faithful buy from the huckstering sergeant as he moved through the ranks.

The European officers were scandalised, but in response to their remonstrances about the lack of discipline, that discipline which makes machines of men, the easy-going Sultan answered that it was but a custom of the country, and they, knowing the man they had to deal with, sat straight upon their horses, looking as mortified as he who sees a miscreant enter a church and put his hat upon the altar, for custom is as great a tyrant in the West as in the East, and that which outrages it appears as blasphemy to every sort of men.

At last the guides who had been sent to explore the ford, and see if it were passable, returned, and said it would just serve, but that the stream ran deep. All was now hurry and confusion, and the mixed, heterogeneous mass of men and animals stood waiting for the word.

The sun began to slant amongst the rain-clouds, towards the white roofs and towers of Azimur, about a league away, just shining like a fleecy cloud, where the plain shades into the sea, as a long train of camels, bearing enormous burdens, slowly came up and joined the army, halted on the bank.

Gently they sailed along, like great Dutch galliots, their noiseless footsteps giving them an air of flight. From side to side they swayed, their packs looking like sails, and seeming to sustain them, in the air. Beside them walked their drivers, men brown and lean, sun-dried and spare of frame as was the youth Mohamed before Allah had marked him out to drive his Arabs on the path of victory, ordained by Him, when He created time. Lastly, there came a negro riding on an ass, instinct with the true dignity to which only a fool attains, his snow-white clothes seeming still whiter, against his blue-black skin, scurfy and rough as is the hide of some great water buffalo or hippopotamus. With the true Oriental unconcern for dignitaries the negro halted his caravan a hundred yards or so from where the Sultan sat upon his horse. The camels kneeled, sinking down as it were by sections, the packs standing out for a moment like huge hummocks, and then subsiding on the sand. The Sultan, always craving after something new, asking from life more than it has to give, and finding nothing interesting, because he always looked for something non-existent in the marvels that surrounded him on every side, signed to an officer and sent him off to ask what merchandise was carried in the packs. After the lengthy interval which, throughout North Africa, it would be wanting in respect for any one charged with a message to abridge, the messenger returned. "Bianos", he said, was what the camels bore, and then explained they were a kind of Christian instrument, with an infinity of notes, which played strange music, which to the faithful sounded like the howling of a dog. The Sultan, after listening to the man, as if he had forgotten all about the camels and their packs, said with a shade of interest, "It is well, bring me a 'Biano', I want to play that tune I learned from the French dentist who was in Fez a year or two ago, and put the bits of gold into the ladies' teeth, which made me laugh so when I looked at them". Then he sat back upon his horse, throwing the ends of his long silken reins across his shoulder, whilst on his face there came a look of interest, which the sight of his army waiting a sign from him to cross the river had been impotent to raise. In vain his European officers, the only men of all the host who

dared to raise a protest, argued against the loss of time; the Commander of the Faithful still replied to all their arguments, "Bring me the Bianco, I want to play on it". In haste a French mechanic and an English groom were sent for, as being men able to deal with every kind of mechanism, whether of beast or man.

In a rough halting Arabic interspersed with oaths of their respective countries, they set a gang of Arabs to undo the cases, and the component parts of a grand piano, looking like bones of some gigantic fossil animal, were laid upon the sand. The knot of Europeans stood apart disgusted at the loss of time, the certain ruin of the piano, and the futility of the proceeding, which in their eyes was almost criminal, trained as they were to order, and to regard things that had cost much money far above human life. The army, on the other hand, took it as natural, and interesting, for almost every man who waited by the river's bank would certainly have done the same had he but had the might. Time was of no account to them, for even if the army crossed at night nothing more serious could happen than the drowning of a score or two of men, and loss of baggage animals, a thing ordained by Allah, and against which it would be impious to strive. Quickly the body of the instrument was set upright, the other pieces put into their places, and the great concert grand by Broadwood stood a little tilting to one side, but still fit to be played on by a monarch, in the light drifting rain. A thrill of expectation ran through everyone, though no one dared to approach the instrument, the first fruit of our European culture, thrown out by progress as a defiance to the old world, in which music is made upon an earthen drum, with ends of parchment, a rude reed pipe, or a long three-stringed guitar, with the neck stuck into a calabash.

Slowly the Sultan rode his horse up to the spot, dismounted, and, as the wet trickled down from his haik, stood like the Lord in Eden, and looking at his handiwork, pronounced it good. One difficulty more still lay between him and the accomplishment of his desire. The key was lost, and though the music waited for his touch, a lid of rosewood still veiled the keyboard, keeping the Sultan still apart from his enjoyment, waiting impatient as a bridegroom for the disrobing of the bride. Signing mimetically to a soldier who stood near, the man advanced, and driving his bayonet underneath the lid, it opened, carrying the brass plate on the lock with it, and clanging back upon the body of the piano with a loud jarring sound.

Gravely the lineal descendant of Mohammed stood by, as careless of the eyes fixed on him, of the approaching night, the rain, and everything, either in heaven or earth, as he had been alone.

After a moment of reflection, as if collecting all his energies, he ran his hand across the keys, and then slowly, and with one finger, and making several wrong notes, picked out the Spanish Royal March. Then, closing the lid down with a bang, walked to his horse, which had remained watching him gravely, and mounting in one motion, raised himself in his saddle for his attendants to arrange his haik, and signing with his hand, his European officers and his Kaid, his umbrella-bearer, and the men who run beside his stirrup, gathered about him, and without turning to the army rode down into the stream. The water foamed about their horses, banking up on the stream side until their saddles almost were awash, whilst the fierce current bore them struggling sideways, sitting immovably with their eyes fixed upon the further bank. There they emerged, and stood like statues in the sand, watching the army cross like a great shoal of porpoises, shouting and struggling in the stream, the smaller luggage animals swimming, whilst men guided them by the tails, or walked above them to break the current's force, holding their guns above their heads.

The camels followed gravely, their slender necks making them look like some vast water serpent, rising from the flood. Soon all had crossed, and on the sand, in the light, penetrating rain, the piano stood alone, looking ridiculous, but somehow menacing, as if the halting air that had been forced reluctantly from its insulted keys had been the death note of the old wild barbaric life which had surged past it, and now was swallowed up in mist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ASIATICS AND THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 Queen Anne's Chambers, Broadway,
Westminster, S.W., 23 July, 1908.

SIR,—A succession of press cablegrams from the Transvaal has indicated a revival of the differences between Mr. Gandhi, on behalf of his countrymen, and the Transvaal Government; differences which we had all fondly hoped had been settled by a compromise which, while preserving the self-respect of the Indians, secured to the Government the identification they alone professed to require. It may be remembered that the compromise took the form of voluntary registration, instead of compulsory registration under the Asiatic Law Amendment Act. The Asiatic Act was resented for several reasons practical and sentimental, but not least of all because it was, throughout its inception and progress, accompanied by the charge of collusive fraud between the resident Indian community and unauthorised Asiatic immigrants. The Asiatics already held identification certificates which they had voluntarily taken out by advice of Lord Milner in 1903, and were ready and willing to re-establish their identity and title to be in the colony, if permitted to do so as an act of grace. In the result, numbers of the most prominent Indians went to gaol, and eventually the Transvaal Government accepted Mr. Gandhi's proposals. The copies of the correspondence between that gentleman and General Smuts, which I possess, satisfy me beyond all doubt that the terms of the compromise included legalisation of the voluntary registration and the consequent repeal of the Asiatic Act, and the application of the benefits of the compromise to domiciled Indians who happened to be out of the colony at the time. I am not at liberty to publish the correspondence referred to, but a consideration of the circumstances will make it obvious that the repeal of the Asiatic Act must have been contemplated, and it was publicly announced (and counted to their credit) that the leaders of the community had not failed to safeguard the interests of their absentee fellow-countrymen who were pre-war residents. Of the nine thousand Asiatics in the colony, the claims of nearly eight thousand have after official investigation already been successfully established, and there is no reason to believe that the titles of the remainder will prove to be less valid.

Their re-registration and re-identification, voluntarily tendered, have been duly effected, so that for them the retention of the Asiatic Act for the purposes for which it was ostensibly passed can have no meaning. Nor is the Act necessary in order to prevent any extensive inroad of fresh immigrants from the Orient. The Transvaal Immigration Law excludes, as prohibited immigrants, all who are incapable of passing a severe educational test in a European language. It is obvious that a highly educated Oriental would ipso facto be sufficiently identified without requiring to submit to the catalogue of indignities imposed by the Registration Act. Nevertheless, General Smuts now declines to repeal the obnoxious measure, excepting to replace it by another which shuts out once and for all, as prohibited immigrants—

- (a) Asiatics possessing educational qualifications prescribed by the Immigrants Restriction Act;
- (b) Asiatics, whether in or out of the colony, holding registration certificates from the late Boer Republic, for which they paid £3;
- (c) Other Asiatics who were residents of the Transvaal before the war and who could prove before a court of law the fact of their domicile;
- (d) Those Asiatics whose claims have been rejected by Mr. Chamney (the officer appointed by the Government to investigate the Asiatics' titles) but who are dissatisfied with his decision, and desire to appeal to a judicial tribunal.

Let me hasten to add that the Indian community do not seek to establish an open door for unrestricted Asiatic immigration. They are not blind to the prejudices or insensible to the arguments of the white colonists. The addition here contemplated would

perhaps number two thousand, all of whom would be put to proof of their pre-war domicile, and such few immigrants as could satisfy the educational requirements of the Immigration Law.

General Smuts has entirely misread the passive resistance struggle of last January, which even now is being revived. British Indian merchants, lawyers, clerks, and assistants readily submitted to the loss of personal liberty and worldly goods, but the sacrifice was made not selfishly but in order to preserve honour and to protect the interests of their brothers who were not present to act for themselves. But a few months since some hundreds of our Indian fellow-subjects were lying in gaol for conscience' sake, and to-day cable news reaches me of the imprisonment with hard labour of four Hindu and four Mohammedan hawkers for non-compliance with the formalities of the Asiatic Act, required of them as a condition precedent to their receiving renewals of their trading licences, and of the arrest of the chairman of the Hamidia Islamic Society and five other prominent Indians upon a similar charge. The dumb, because voteless, British Indian of the Transvaal can protest only by suffering in his person and property against the class legislation he is expected to obey unquestioningly. Has he no claim upon us for support and help?

Yours obediently,
L. W. RITCH.

MICHAEL DAVITT AND THE BOERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Pray allow me to sympathise with Colonel Lynch in the distress of some kind which must have driven him to call the late Mr. Davitt's statements "false". Distinguished soldiers do not as a rule attack the characters of dead or otherwise defenceless men without some necessity of such a painful kind as to call for our sympathy. When he comes to the facts, however, Colonel Lynch changes it from "false" to "inexact", which is more like the language of a soldier and a gentleman, though still leaving the awkward question—Is it "false", which implies a lie, or is it merely "inexact", which could leave it substantially true? The difference is essential, and ought not to be left to the temper.

I must repeat Mr. Davitt's account: When Colonel Lynch was in gaol, Mrs. Lynch very loyally asked Mr. Davitt to get him out, and Mr. Davitt wrote to Sir Thomas Lipton, who showed the letter to the King. The King, influenced by Mr. Davitt's letter, caused Colonel Lynch to be let home to his delighted wife. I think that a beautiful story, and I want to go on believing it. Mr. Davitt might have erred in detail, and in reproducing him I might have erred in detail; but the story is so simple that I think no one could either err as to the substance, or make the narrative at once "false" and "inexact". Now, Colonel, which is it to be? Do not, pray, deny to a king the credit of a nobly generous and king-like act, induced by a brave man and a weeping woman. To deny it would be most unworthy of a great soldier owing his personal liberty to the royal act denied. Colonels are surely above that, and we all like to think as highly as possible of Colonels. We want also to think as well as we can of kings, and when we find them acting nobly, we ought to be glad, even should they be not our own kings.

Knowing nothing whatever about Colonel Lynch, I made no statements whatever of my own about him, and since he knows nothing about me, his statements about me are similarly valueless; but I know something about him now, since he has told me so charmingly about himself, even to the name by which I am to know him—"Arthur Lynch suffices", as we might say, "Napoleon Bonaparte", or "Charlemagne", or "Cæsar". I did not even know that he was a great soldier, but since he has "held his own against forces outnumbering his own by ten to one", "and won his spurs in the field", I should have preferred to hail him as "Arthur the Great", a title just missed by the great hero of Malory and Tennyson. My small insight into military matters, however, shows me that true greatness is always modest, so that "Arthur Lynch suffices", in the same way as Napoleon preferred to be known as "Le petit caporal."

Anger is not a mark of greatness, but let us note how trying the position is for a warrior of great distinction, a rebel of first-rate importance, owing his personal liberty to the tears of a lady and the compassion of the one against whom he has taken up arms as a traitor. If I were in that position, unwilling to acknowledge the generosity of my injured liberator, I should feel bound in consistency to go back into prison; but then, it is easy to see that I am not a warrior of great distinction.

Colonel Lynch tells us also of "his literary history", which seems to suggest that he has tried to write something; and that "he is quick to respond to generous impulses," which encourages me. Now, I have called him Colonel as often as could be done with delicacy in a short letter, and I have without question accepted his greatness at his own estimate. The necessary response to such "generous impulses" must make Colonel Lynch my friend ever after—but first, I must ask again, Is it "false" or merely "inexact"?

Yes, Mr. Davitt was "my particular friend", a friendship brought about mainly by the contempt which we both felt for "great" Irishmen, especially those "in the field", who keep a whole nation misunderstood and misgoverned through their selfish and sickening vanity. During the last two years of his life, I was in all Mr. Davitt's conspiracies, which were directed to relieve Ireland of "great" men, especially "Colonels". I knew his opinion of "Colonels", but I have never had a libel action, and I am not going to have one now.

I may now add to the story that it was for Mrs. Lynch, and not for Colonel Lynch, that Mr. Davitt took the trouble. During my association with Mr. Davitt he certainly had no connexion with Colonel Lynch, and he desired no connexion with him. Now I can see the reasons. Davitt could never resist an opportunity to do a kindness, especially a kindness touched with romance. I believe that he did what he told me for Colonel Lynch, and if he did, what must we think of Colonel Lynch's attempt to deny it?

Yours faithfully,
PAT.

THE CETINJE TRIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Vivian was present at the trial at Cetinje and assures us that he was struck by the fair way in which the trial was conducted. No doubt Mr. Vivian was fully able to follow all the proceedings, as, judging from examples of his Servian, "Zatibor" and "Srbski Kruna" (sic), he seems to have mastered that language thoroughly.

The following is a literal translation of M. Miloš Marković's brilliant speech in the defence (sic) of the accused. I have translated it from the "Glas Crnogorca", No. 38, 26 June, O.S. The "Glas Crnogorca" is the official paper of Montenegro, and so cannot be accused of being bribed by the "regicide press bureau" of Belgrade.

"The President: Now it is for M. Miloš Marković to defend his clients.

"Miloš Marković: Gentlemen,—In this examination there have been enough logical and beautiful speeches, by which my colleagues have thoroughly summed up the entire process and established the guilt of the accused; by repeating anything the process would only be uselessly prolonged. Through my official duties it has fallen to my lot to become the defender of the accused: Todor Božović, student of the Belgrade University; Jovan Tomašević, Jovan Kažić, Gligor Vukčević, now students in Belgrade; and Jova Lazarević formerly typographer of the State Press. It would be useless to say and repeat one and the same thing, only in order to prolong the discussion. I leave it to the intelligence of the Court to estimate the blame. So much and no more I have to say in the defence of my clients." (Laughter.)

I think this will prove beyond a doubt the unsatisfactory state of affairs in Montenegro, where barristers are afraid to defend their clients, fearing the consequences of speaking the truth.

Mr. Vivian says of the President of the Court, M. Gojnić: "Never in any court of justice have I seen a milder, kinder judge, or one more anxious to afford

every indulgence to the defence." This, of course, is preposterous: a quotation from the Paris "Figaro" of 4 July would best show what sort of a man Gojnic is and what the witnesses proved to be: "On a fait comparaître les accusés devant une parodie de tribunal, présidé par un homme qui avait, dans une séance de la Chambre, réclamé leurs têtes. On a fait venir des témoins bizarres, journalistes-policiers ou policiers-journalistes. Rien n'a manqué."

Is Mr. Vivian aware that Princess Helen of Serbia was staying in the palace at Cetinje with her grandfather Prince Nikola at the very moment when King Peter is accused of having sent agents to blow the palace up?

It is already absurd enough to pretend that the Serbian Royal Family was mixed up in an attempt on the Sovereign of Montenegro; but can any sane person believe that King Peter and the Crown Prince actually caused bombs to be made in one of the Serbian Government arsenals to be thrown at their own daughter and sister?

The Belgrade daily "Štampa", which continually writes against the regicides, is in opposition to the present Government, and so cannot in any way be called a "champion of regicide", more than any other paper blames Prince Nikola on account of the Cetinje affair.

Mr. Vivian asks, "Why should Austria trouble to do so many wicked things to set Serbia and Montenegro by the ears?" By alienating Serbia from Montenegro Austria hoped to facilitate the building of the Sandjak railway, and so to establish direct communication between Vienna and Salonika. I should have thought this was obvious to the merest tiro in Balkan politics; but evidently Mr. Vivian has not studied the question sufficiently, or perhaps he is an agent of the Vienna "Drang nach Osten" press bureau!

It is easy to understand that Mr. Vivian bitterly regrets the Obrenović régime. In those days he found it easy to write in a delightful and alluring manner about Serbia; wherever he went he was received royally.

Now that the Obrenoviés are no more and Mr. Vivian's services are not required, he turns his back on Serbia and never misses an opportunity of attacking her. Does Mr. Vivian realise that by doing this he is playing into Austria's hands and doing untold harm to the Serbian nation?

As Mr. Vivian finds it so "difficult and distasteful to argue with an anonymous adversary", I have no objection to signing myself

Yours truly,
LOUIS CAHEN.

THE FREE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 24 July, 1908.

SIR,—The suggestion in the letter on the above subject in your issue of 18 July, that the earlier letter by "A Nonconformist" is a malevolent caricature, must be very amusing to any of your readers who have had experience in Free Church Sunday School work.

Allow me at once to offer to take "Another" to my school, where he may see, on any Sunday, exactly such a pantomime as "Nonconformist" describes—two shows daily.

For nine or ten years I have been connected with a school of about three hundred children, and at present combine the offices of "organist" (American), assistant secretary of school, and secretary of library committee. I am not in the least opposed to "the idea of a Sunday School", quite the reverse—particularly considering the personnel of the usual teaching staff provided in the class of day school attended by most of our children. Least of all do I take any political interest in the matter. I can only endorse everything said by "A Nonconformist".

As to what I have seen on occasional visits to so-called "pleasant" Sunday afternoons I had better keep silence. Pleasant . . .

The sincerity of our teachers cannot be doubted. Their regular presence in their classes and the trouble often taken over preparation in the week, and also their willingness to give financial aid whenever it is asked for, are deserving of the highest commenda-

tion. Unfortunately these qualities are not all that is necessary:

"The little more and how much it is;
The little less and how far away."

No one will quarrel with "Another" when he says that spiritual zeal is of more importance than education in the ordinary sense. But does zeal always carry with it the "capacity to train children"? And is it not true that the uneducated teacher has so very often the greatest spiritual disadvantage of all—narrowness?

Perhaps a reader with experience of Anglican schools will tell us if they are any better off. Personally I think they are, from the little I have seen in London, but I am told that outside the larger towns the Free Churches have the advantage.

People have said that my school is better than most, for we are not without better-educated teachers: at present they might be counted on one's thumbs. If we are at all representative of Nonconformist schools, they are not in the least fitted to perform the important duties which would be theirs were State-aided religious teaching discontinued.

Having said all this against the schools, may I take a little more space to suggest that things are not hopeless? There is gradually being initiated a new system of training for the youngest scholars, the "infants". The chief exponents in England, I believe, are Miss Huntley and Mr. Archibald. (Should there be others of equal importance, may I be pardoned.) In this system scholars—mostly girls—chosen from the top classes in the upper school are given classes of not more than half a dozen each. A class is held in the week for the training of these young teachers, absence from which is followed by non-admission on the following Sunday. As these teachers become old enough, the best are chosen to take the lower classes in the upper school. Granted intelligence and keenness on their part, and the right superintendent to train them, I think a great deal may be expected.

But at present—Yours,

STILL ANOTHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It would be painful to me if I believed that my words descriptive of the Free Church Sunday School were either malevolent or a caricature. That they were not a caricature may be seen from the letter of your correspondent, who himself traverses none of my statements, but instead sets himself to find excuses for them. Neither is his charge of malevolence justifiable. I set down the Free Church Sunday School exactly as I knew it to be, not from want of sympathy (God forbid) or desire to wound. But I was earnest to assert, whenever the glib statement is heard "Confine religious teaching to the Sunday School", that the cry in question rests on an abominable falsity. If religious teaching be banished from the day school, the removal to the Sunday School will be nothing but a dishonest pretence. It will mean that a generation will grow up like that in a certain colony, where the editor of a paper, in reporting a speech in which reference had been made to the story of Naboth's vineyard, actually placed a footnote below the report with a synopsis of the Bible story, in order to make the reference intelligible to his readers. I repeat that it is idle folly to talk of the Sunday School performing the part played by the day school in religious instruction. The teachers have neither training to teach nor authority to command. The other Sunday a gentleman saw some children behaving rudely after leaving Sunday School. "How can you be so rude to that lady?" he said. "Gar on", answered one of the girls, "she ain't a lidy, she's on'y a teacher".

NONCONFORMIST.

SUFFRAGETTES AND ORDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Annandale, Knutsford, 20 July, 1908.

SIR,—The writer of a leader note on page 67 of last week's issue says the suffragettes are in prison "because they have broken the law. . . . They are common brawlers and rioters as an election mob would be."

It must be a fine thing to be an editor. He has

sources of information open to him which are closed to the rest of the world. I have searched the papers in vain to find any imprisonment of the "election mob" at Narberth for damage far exceeding any done by suffragist women; undergraduates are allowed free scope to indulge their humour for wanton destruction; and women are publicly pelted for advocating their cause, and no man is so much as arrested. The "disorderly scenes" which the suffragettes "made in the streets" were entirely caused in the first instance by the police instructions to oppose the women in a perfectly orderly undertaking; this has been tacitly avowed by the instructions which the police had on this last occasion, to "escort" the women to the House of Commons. If they persist we may expect to see them escorted into the precincts. Like Lord Morley, I wish them luck.

Yours &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

SIR,—In a letter which was published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 27 June I asked whether the enormous Civil War pension lists of the United States of America do not supply a practical answer to the objection that old-age pensions in Great Britain will involve an insupportable financial burden?

Reference to the annual report of the Secretary to the Treasury for the fiscal year ended 30 June 1907 shows that in that year the United States paid in pensions 139,309,514 dollars—or, roughly, about as much as it cost in the same period to cover the whole expenditure on the British Navy. At the outbreak of the Civil War the pension list was £250,000. In 1865, at the close of the war, it stood at £3,270,000. It reached its highest point in 1893, viz. nearly £32,000,000. A table in the report quoted shows that since 1791 the total amount paid in the United States for pensions has been close on seven hundred and thirty millions of pounds—not dollars, pounds sterling. Of this gigantic total the paralysing amount of over seven hundred millions of pounds has been paid since the surrender—that is to say in a little over forty years. And yet the British nation is asked by some to stand aghast at the relatively puny problem of how to provide a few shillings per week per head for its old people!

J. H.

THE CROWN OF CABBAGE LEAVES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, 25 July, 1908.

SIR,—Once again I am driven to the most Conservative paper in England, perhaps in the world, for I know that not a single Liberal or Radical paper would publish this letter which I address to you.

It is curious too, for the Radicals are the people who have the enthusiasm of humanity.

I am certain of what I say, for I have heard it advanced by themselves.

For all that, I turn to you in this my difficulty.

Now that all the dust and most of the shouting is over about the so-called Olympic Games, and as all the false sympathy for the unlucky Italian and the real delight at the American who did not come in first being given the prize, has been duly expressed, I may be allowed to put a question.

In a humble spirit of enquiry, I venture to ask if it would not have looked well in a gentleman who came in six minutes behind (if it was five minutes and a half I apologise to the whole American Republic) the real winner of the race, to stand aside and refuse to breast the tape, when he saw that it was a mere technical question that was going to give him the victory?

That indeed would have been truly Olympian.

There is no doubt an Olympus (town or mountain) in one of the States of the Union.

A Greek possibly would not have cared for a garland in the circumstances in which it has gone across the "pond", unless it were made of cabbage leaves.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

REVIEWS.

A SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"The Revolt in Hindustan, 1857-59." By Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood V.C. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s. net.

AT the present time, when India is troubled over many things and parts of the country are honey-combed with sedition, there is very good cause for looking back to the great struggle of 1857-59. Sir Evelyn Wood's book does not profess to be more than a short history of the events of those days, but it has the advantage of being written in a concise form by one who fought in campaigns leading to the final suppression of the Mutiny, and was well acquainted with many of the men who played a prominent part in the story. It is a good thing, too, that the narrative should be written by a soldier. The style is purposeful and direct, and even if a professed historian had undertaken the work, it is doubtful if he could have invested the narrative with the charm which simplicity of language lends to such a task. With all his experience of war, and his personal acquaintance with the India of those days, the author was not likely to be entrapped into the mistake of imagining that war, and especially the kind of war which was waged in the suppression of the rebellion, consists always of remarkable strategical combinations and of displays of tactical talent. No amount of fine writing could contrive to invest the story of the Indian Mutiny campaigns with the triumphs of great generalship either in the theatre of war or the more restricted area of the battlefield. The victories of the heroic men whose names stand out in the long combat were won by the indomitable courage and energy of their men and of themselves, in spite of the terrific odds against them of numbers, fanaticism, and cruel heat.

It would, however, be a profound mistake to think that the qualities which underlie what is called strategical genius, or the rare power of handling large bodies of troops on the field of battle, were absent. Many of the leaders in the Mutiny campaigns would have shone in a war on the continent of Europe conducted on the strictest principles of military science. But there was one special cause which contributed to the want of opportunity for the display of the highest scientific qualities; there were no military leaders of conspicuous ability on the other side. The first phase of the campaign, or series of campaigns, was the defence of isolated points and the rescue of our people, the recapture of places temporarily lost, and the attack on the smaller bodies of mutineers in the districts, with the two great events standing out—the siege of Delhi and the defence of Lucknow. Then came the second phase, when we were gradually getting a grip over the area of disturbance, when the lines of communication were held in tolerable security, when Delhi had fallen and Lucknow had been relieved, although it was still a focus and centre of an immense body of rebels. And lastly, the third phase, when troops had been poured into the country and columns pursued the large bodies of the enemy which were still in existence, or restored administrative order in the area where British authority had been set at defiance.

There were sound decisions, dictated by political insight as well as by strategical knowledge. John Lawrence would have given up Peshawar to the Amir of Kabul if there had been disaster at Delhi. Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, and Sydney Cotton scouted the idea, and it was Canning, the Governor-General, who said, "Hold on to Peshawar to the last. Give up nothing." Colin Campbell was right in not accepting Outram's advice to postpone the relief of Lucknow till he had dealt with the Nana's force at Kalpi and the Gwalior Contingent, and other notable instances might be given. There are indeed great lessons to be learned, but they are not the lessons we are taught when the military disciple sits at the feet of a master of strategy. The battles were fought with the most inadequate numbers in every circumstance of disadvantage, and if we cannot altogether apply the tactics used in European wars, we may note and reflect that the flank attack invariably succeeded, and that against an

Eastern foe it is of the highest value. They were won by the splendid fighting qualities of our troops directed by men who knew their enemy and what might be attempted, and if occasionally there were panics and even demoralisation, these were but small spots on the sun. Bravery and determination overcame a military rebellion which developed into a tremendous upheaval of the strata of law and order.

The story of the Sepoy Mutiny will never be surpassed in its dramatic contrasts. Among the assailed, extraordinary heroism and boldness, with, in some instances, imbecility of the worst kind; fiery energy, and the most dreary and disastrous want of initiative. Among the assailants, the native soldiery, treachery and cruelty of the worst kind, and a chivalrous desire to protect their white masters even if they knew they must join their rebellious comrades; bravery, stubbornness, and military cunning; cowardice, weakness, and military folly, as on the occasion Sir Evelyn bears witness to, when a weak squadron of our Lancers rolled up two thousand native cavalry. There are hundreds and hundreds of instances of these sharp contrasts on both sides. Even this compact narrative contains many stories, told in simple but stirring language, of the fine chivalrous spirit which animated numbers of native soldiers, officers and men, horse and foot, to stand by their alien masters. And no one can doubt that there were thousands who nearly always would have loyally stood by those whose salt they had eaten, but a torrent of revolt, impelled by a blind and fanatical fury, born of ignorance and credulity, swept them away and engulfed them in its flood.

It is a wonderful story, and unless the present generation are impervious to the remembrance of deeds that saved an empire, their blood must surely run a little faster when they read a book like Sir Evelyn Wood's, although half a century has passed, and but few are left who shared in the sorrows and triumphs of those days. Many laid down their lives whose names appear in no history, and whose very graves are forgotten. Others have dropped by the wayside of life, seeing the men of later times decorated and be-medalled, while their one "Mutiny medal" has been the only remembrance spared to them by a grateful country. Some still remain, even some whose names are mentioned in this book, whose achievements have never been recognised. But nothing can take from them their share in the great contest when they helped to restore the supremacy of their country in the East, and Sir Evelyn Wood's admirable work is fitly dedicated to the memory of those Europeans and Asiatics who died in this effort.

What is past, is past; but what of the present and the future? We cannot restore to life the heroic men and women who died amidst the scenes of violence enacted in those years, but we can at least ponder over the causes of the convulsion which shook our rule in India to its foundations. If we get a clear idea of the cause, we may try to steer our course with greater prudence, but even then we must remember we are dealing with Asiatics, and never trust in benevolent intentions. There is a considerable amount of literature on the subject, but if the student or the man of affairs, the soldier or the statesman, is unable to tackle the larger histories, such as those of Kaye or Malleon, or Forrest's monumental work of historical research, he will find a great deal in this book which will surely enlighten him. Annexations, enforcement of the right of lapse, want of sympathy, the discontent of the Brahmins, a harsh land revenue system, the inefficiency of the native army, credulous fears as to the abolition of caste, and the pressure of Western customs and legislation, all doubtless combined to feed the fires of discontent and revolt. But was there anything deeper than these things? Was there a general feeling of hatred against us? The answer must be that there was a general indifference, but hatred only in certain sections. That is as true to-day as it was then. The indifference may be changed into bitter hostility by the influence of proselytising sedition-mongers, and no amount of so-called "reforms", borrowed from Western liberal principles, will have the slightest effect. Certain classes will never be content with our rule. To them we are hated Feringhis and shall be so to the end of

time. The native chiefs, whose rule is really bound up with ours, and the farmers and peasantry are our natural allies. The former will stand by us from motives of self-interest, and of respect for the strong hand, if only we are bold enough to show it, while the latter, if they will never give us active support, are fully alive to the influences of peace and prosperity, and are remarkably appreciative of justice and kindness. They, too, are deeply influenced by a military power "which beareth not the sword in vain". India given up to the Congress-men and the reformers would be torn in pieces from end to end. All the silly little methods by which the doctrinaires hope to smear over the East with a veneer of "liberty" and "popular representation" will be of no avail. India cannot rule herself, but must be ruled.

MISS BEALE.

"Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." By Elizabeth Raikes. London: Constable. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS title alone will insure a world-wide circulation, for there is hardly an inhabited country where the memory of Dorothea Beale is not treasured in loving, grateful hearts, and where her name, even her simple initials, will not stir up many women to strive more earnestly to do their duty. Living, her influence reached immeasurably further than she thought; many girls, and boys too for that matter, who have never seen Cheltenham or looked on the calm face of the great-hearted woman who has gone to a better, freer life, yet are living for truth and duty because their mothers were Miss Beale's "children". And now, "behind the veil" her voice sounds even more clearly in the ears of those who love her.

The ordinary reader cannot fail to be struck by the extracts from Miss Beale's private diary, which reveal such childlike simplicity of heart, such humbly truthful recognition of faults (unknown to all around her), and such unconscious self-sacrifice as are but seldom found. Those who thought they knew their Lady Principal, after reading this book, will feel perhaps how little they really knew, and how they failed to see the true beauty of her soul. All who have been brought in contact with her must at once have recognised that her life was one continuous walk with God; and to them, at least to many of them, the chapter "De Profundis" will come with a shock. It is a part of the book to be read, as it were, with averted eyes, telling as it does of the mortal agony of a pure soul; it is a chapter which could only have been written by one who loves Dorothea Beale with a tender, reverent love and who is faithful to her memory and her teaching; and it has been written with such love in every word that it jars not once. The story of that going down and return will help many lonely souls who find their feet set on the same path; many will bless the noble woman who could say, "I felt I could not rise unless I could bring my children too with me". We read that her return was helped by "contemplation of martyr deaths and martyr lives", and it may well be that in the time to come she will see how the story of her own life is daily helping her children and her children's children to regain the heights.

Mrs. Raikes has caught, as it were, the dropped mantle of the prophet and carried it with her in writing this life. There are few anecdotes, few sayings, recorded, which some may regret; and yet to give them to the world would have been against the spirit of the life recorded. Living a public life as she did, foremost in the ranks of the true champions of the Higher Education of Women, there were not yet many of the public who knew much of the real Dorothea Beale during her lifetime, and she loved to have it so. Reading through the book we are irresistibly reminded of the words of that Book she loved so well, her life was "hid with Christ in God". To record sayings and anecdotes were surely a mistake when speaking of such a woman; here and there we have a glimpse of her beautiful simplicity and unconsciousness of self; she writes to a friend after a function: "Well, what could I wear but my felt bonnet, and old velvet cloak and old black serge? I looked quite smart enough".

And, later on, when launching a ship at Newcastle in 1902 we read she "attired herself for this event in well-looped-up dress and indiarubber shoes"; and this because she never thought of herself, for we read again: "kind friends there were who were allowed in later life to guide her into velvet and ostrich feathers. She submitted for the sake of the college, for whose good she would cheerfully have worn either sackcloth or cloth of gold".

But perhaps the most beautiful touch in the whole book is the account of the "passing" of Miss Beale one Monday morning after her Scripture lesson from her beloved college; we will not transcribe it in part but leave it to be read as a whole. What that college must have been to her, few can really know; a Cheltenham girl once said: "Why, college is just Miss Beale; I believe she knows the colour of every tile, and I know she herself chose the pattern of the brass door-knobs". The beautiful buildings are an outward sign of a life-work such as it is not given to many to live to see; the majority are called away before their dreams are realised. Miss Beale must have loved her college as the painter loves the child of his brain, yet she was great enough to leave it calmly and quietly. Some of her spirit must have been in her children, for the Vice-Principal to be able to write of the time following her death, "though not one of the thousand workers at college can have been unconscious of the mighty change that had come for all, the work went on as usual".

The book is dedicated to "her children", and this explains why so many names are mentioned without any explanation; to most connected with the college these names recall loved and honoured faces, daily seen during college life; to the casual reader, even with explanatory phrases they would but tell of strangers. All "old girls", we are sure, will feel that they owe much to Mrs. Raikes for a work which cannot but bring back to them the days spent with the beloved Lady Principal, and which gives them clearer insight into the great nature with which they were brought in contact. Nor should they alone feel grateful; all thinking women will be thankful for this story of lofty ideals, high aims, deep, earnest thoughts, and faithful performance of the daily round of duty. Many a wife and mother, jaded and wearied by the ever-recurring household tasks, allowing maybe her higher intellectual powers to rust, her God-given talents to lie idle, wrapped in the napkin of physical lassitude, will feel impelled to reach up once more to the higher things, to strive to go below the surface of life's problems, to seek recreation and refreshment of the body in greater intellectual activity, led by this great example. To the girl also the same example speaks, with a different message. Women have no longer to struggle for an education, to contend with old-fashioned prejudice against a "blue-stocking", to convince the world that a helpful wife, a wise mother needs a cultivated intellect. Every branch of intellectual training lies open to the English girl, she may study what she will, and woman places less value on the easily attainable. We see at the present day an increased seeking for qualifying certificates, a growing desire to obtain brilliant degrees. What boots this if we do not find the daughter who returns from college or public school to be a companion to her parents, content to take up the irksome household tasks, glad to do the hundred and one little things which involve so much time and are accepted with so little recognition, doing all and everything with that nicety of performance which can come only from one whose intellect has been most highly cultivated and trained? Miss Beale would have all learn that nothing is too commonplace to do well, that every tiny piece of work is "worth while" even if unnoticed. She would have all to be teachers, wherever their duty may call them; that is, she desires all to strive daily that their intellectual attainments may ever be of some real help to their fellow-creatures, and herein lies the true teaching spirit. We have heard more than once the excuse made by girls that their "education" had unfitted them to live a home life, and that unless allowed to take up what outside work they pleased, and to give what time they thought fit to physical exercises (it is undignified to say "games"), they would be cramping their intellects and injuring their

bodily powers. We wonder how such young women would accept the definition of education which Miss Beale gives: "it is intellectual, moral and physical development, the development of a sound mind in a sound body, the training of reason to form just judgments, the disciplining of the will and affections to obey the supreme law of duty, the kindling and strengthening of the love of knowledge, of beauty, of goodness, till they become the governing motives of action"; and again: "moral training is the end, education the means. The habits of obedience to duty, of self-restraint . . . humility . . . these we would specially cultivate in a woman, that she may wear the true woman's ornament of a meek and quiet spirit . . . the pretentiousness and conceit associated with the name of 'blue-stocking' . . . are only evidence of shallowness and vulgarity . . .". It is good to read such words, written by one who has earned her right to attention, in these days of emancipated girls and suffragettes. It is strength to see in her Life a living refutation of the statement that education will benefit by divorce from religion; she probably never gave a lesson or lecture into which religion did not enter. Mathematics, literature, science, or art, she found in none necessity for such a separation, and yet her teaching has been no failure.

Unfettered education, greater advantages than ever before, fuller opportunities, are placed in women's hands to-day, thanks to such striving and work as that here set before us; gifts which if used to ennoble womanhood, to benefit not the individual but the community, to raise yet higher in the eyes of the world the standard of purity, goodness and truth, of home life, of family love, will constrain men to call the highly educated woman, be she daughter, wife, or mother, as Dorothea Beale is called, "a Divine gift".

UNOFFICIAL VISITATIONS.

"Visitation of England and Wales." Edited by Frederick Arthur Crisp. Vol. XIV. London: Privately printed. 31s. 6d.

THIS series of volumes was begun in 1893, when the late Dr. Howard stated in a circular that at the suggestion of several friends, and with the assistance of Mr. Crisp, he had been induced to print a portion of his collections. In every case, he added, the representatives of the various families had favoured him with data, and permitted him to give facsimiles of autographs and seals. The prospectus of the second volume entered into more detail and explained the title. "The present series of volumes form an attempt to record such information as the pedigrees entered at the visitations preserved, but with greater detail, and on that account they are entitled 'Visitations'."

In the earlier volumes no armorial bearings were to be illustrated unless officially recorded. Since Dr. Howard's death this self-denial has not been always maintained, but Mr. Crisp states whether the arms given are recorded in the Offices of Arms. The word "visitation" certainly implies the act of an authority. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the English Kings of Arms received royal commissions to visit England, and challenge all persons styling themselves gentlemen and using armorial bearings to show their right. They were not to challenge the origin of any arms if borne from the time of Agincourt. There resulted in practice the record of three or four generations; but it is not correct to assume that a visitation pedigree meant the descendants of the deponent's grandfather. Probably the visitors, in most cases, were satisfied with the statement of a living person, and instances are not wanting that outrageous blunders or deliberate misstatements became matter of record. Mr. Crisp's pedigrees in respect of detail and attestation are in fact better, and if he were equipped with authority would be more authentic, than the visitations of the Kings of Arms—erroneously called visitations of the Heralds—but no voluntary statement of pedigree by a stranger can be evidence. It is often supposed that any register is evidence of the facts it records; but in truth no register is legally admissible unless the registrar be under a statutory or canonical obligation to keep it.

We make these observations as a precaution because, although we demur to the title *Visitation*, we desire to speak in the highest praise of Mr. Crisp's volumes. They contain several interesting portraits, many admirable engravings of seals and bookplates, and a host of facsimile autographs. The volumes are privately printed, and, being sold to subscribers at a small cost, no ulterior motive of gain to the compiler can be suspected. In respect of typography and illustration we welcome each volume as a work of art.

The pedigrees themselves are interesting, because with few exceptions they concern families not in the front rank, members of which have done good service to the State, who have, in the colonies or at home, led useful lives and have not received a higher reward than the companionship of an Order. Among the more distinguished families mentioned in vol. 14 appear Tennyson and Disraeli. One observes with pleasure the literary distinctions earned by younger members of the Tennyson family. The signature of Lord Beaconsfield's father is valuable, for though he signed himself D'Israeli, his writing resembles that of his illustrious son.

Of the bookplates the most beautiful is that of Mr. James Charles Gettings, admirable as a picture rather than as a symbol of ownership. It is not in works of this nature that we look for facts of historical importance, but we find on page 124 a statement that Lord Rendlesham died while shooting at Gosfield with King Louis XVIII. on 15 September, 1808. This incident, illustrating the sojourn in England of the exiled King of France, is mentioned in the "Gentleman's Magazine", and would perhaps have been unnoticed in an official pedigree.

These volumes are well indexed and conclude with additions and corrections of the pedigrees previously printed.

Mr. Crisp has earned our gratitude for many privately printed works—and his series of visitations will have hereafter considerable value, for even if the development of democracy should destroy the legal value of pedigree, the details of family history will always appeal to pious sentiment and may assist physiological science.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN LOCAL BODIES.

"**Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany.**" By H. S. Lunn. London: Unwin. 1908. 2s.

"**District Councils.**" By H. D. Cornish. London: Stevens. 1908. 7s. 6d.

DR. LUNN now issues publicly a journalistic record of the holiday spent last year by himself and a party of friends interested in local government. The party travelled rapidly through a number of South German towns and was feasted by their officials. Quick though the run was, what they saw evidently impressed them, and Dr. Lunn's summary would have more value for serious students of the subject if the space given to post-prandial amenities had been used to discuss more fully the professed object of the visit. Amiable platitudes do not, however, altogether crowd out what really matters, for there is a short, if cursory, comparison between English and German methods. One's impression of the author's view is that they do these things much better in Germany, and that there is much we might learn from them, but conditions are different—and then a full-stop. Sir John Gorst, who was a member of the party, assists Dr. Lunn by a preface, which praises German methods and unreservedly condemns our English system, incidentally laying the blame at the door of the House of Lords and the propertied classes. Neither Dr. Lunn nor Sir John Gorst seems to understand what is probably the true reason for the difference in results. Germany steadily and resolutely refuses to fall down and worship before the idol of direct popular control. This fetish obsesses England, and is mainly responsible for the waste and inefficiency now characteristic of so many of our local public bodies. A large proportion of the German municipal governing bodies consists of trained and paid experts, members of a public service whose promotion depends entirely on their reputation for efficiency and reasonable

economy. Too well the British councillor realises that the first essential of his position is to keep a keen eye on the chances of his re-election, a result often dependent on the sectional interests of the very workmen his Council employs. True, we have our experts in England, but they are servants, not equals, and men to whom large enterprises and profuse expenditure bring increased importance and higher salaries with very little increase of responsibility. The selfish sectional influence which has become so characteristic of English municipal politics has no part in German life; and its growth will be impossible there so long as German governing authorities contain, as they do to-day, a large number of men who, by their independence of character and position, are quite beyond the influence of well-organised selfish interests.

The one useful lesson which we may learn from German methods is the necessity of leavening our public bodies with a number of men directly appointed by a central authority, and for this we need go no further than the magistrates of town and country, a careful selection of whom for a term of years would place many intelligent and independent minds at the service of the public. A system which renders possible even the appearance in the dock on a criminal charge of nearly half the members of a large public authority needs severe overhauling. It is impossible to imagine in Germany the existence of such methods as the West Ham and Mile End inquiries have disclosed. In view of Mr. Burns' Town Planning Bill, Dr. Lunn's chapter on town extension at Frankfort is of interest, and without doubt the views of Dr. Adickes, the Burgo-master of the city and the author of its principal extension schemes, have for some time been known at Whitehall. It must be remembered however that the average South German town is well adapted for town planning, inasmuch as it is often the owner of a large proportion of the area administered by its officials. English opinion has not yet arrived at municipal ownership of this magnitude.

Mr. Cornish's digest of the duties and powers of District Councils is well and sensibly arranged (the adoption of the alphabetical plan saving time), and should prove useful alike to lawyers and to local government officials. The various points are comprehensively dealt with and illustrated by every recent decision of importance. The work now resting on the shoulders of local authorities has become very heavy, and the tendency is still in the direction of adding to the burden. Much of their work is very technical, and, we fear, increasingly getting beyond the grasp of the average local public man. One of Dr. Lunn's German hosts may well be imagined turning over Mr. Cornish's book and then in all innocence observing "Your public bodies must be men of great experience?" And yet he would be told that our chairmen (often changing with the year) are mainly ornamental, and our councillors principally petty professional or trades men of limited capacity and sectional interests.

HOLYOAKE: DEMAGOGUE.

"**Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake.**" By Joseph McCabe. 2 vols. London: Watts. 1908. 16s. net.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S life extended over the period from 1817 to 1906. The years after Waterloo, it is well known, were years of very bad social and political conditions, and of great suffering for the working-class population both in the country and in the towns. Agitation, which often came pretty near to rebellion, was the normal condition of the middle and lower classes for half a century; and the demagogue, high-minded or low-minded, as it might happen, found plenty of business to his hand. We need not go back to the French Revolution and its social, economic and political and religious heresiarchs. It is sufficient to mention Owenism, with its socialistic, educational, and secularist teachings. It was embodied in societies which continued for many years, but had become decrepit when Holyoake was in middle life; and Mr. McCabe represents him as finally hurrying them to dissolution by pouring in

the new wine of a socialistic spirit and aim which the old bottles could not stand. There was the Reform agitation, the only one with which Holyoake had nothing to do until he was eighty-six. During the Corn Law Repeal agitation he was still too little known as a speaker to be prominent on its platforms. And in any case it would have been imprudent for middle-class agitators to encourage publicly the notorious young man who had been prosecuted for blasphemy in 1843, had made a speech nine hours long in assertion of his right to preach atheism, and had spent six months in Gloucester gaol in spite of his eloquence. He was a Chartist, but was never in gaol on that account; and he was glad when the last effort of the physical force section collapsed in 1848. Liberalism then took up the story, and in the domestic agitations for the extension of the franchise to the working classes he took the difficult line of trying to conciliate his working-class clientèle and the middle classes. He did not belong to these classes. His father was a Birmingham ironworker, and he had not learned to write at school, but in his early youth he learned what they taught of grammar, logic, mathematics and astronomy in the newly-founded Mechanics' Institutions. But he had learned a good deal more by 1868, during the period in which he had been agitating for most of the changes desired by the working classes. He had come to believe that the middle classes might be made the allies of the working classes. This was a temper not approved amongst his earlier associates, but his work gradually assumed a form which was acceptable to the philosophic Radicals and Christian Socialists of the time such as Kingsley.

Intellectually this was a considerable achievement for one who began as Holyoake did. But there long remained the feeling against him that his earlier friends had been declared atheists and that he himself had preached atheism. It was an evil phase in the earlier period of working-class struggles when their intelligent leaders were attracted by a very crude criticism of religion generally and of Christianity. Coarseness of thought and expression were quite uncharacteristic of Holyoake, and he was always dissatisfied with the narrow basis of dogmatic atheism and anti-Christian teaching to which many of his friends wished to confine the operations of the National Secular Society. He was the founder of the society, and secularism he thought of as a philosophy, a sort of positivism, which might unite all possible opinions in co-operation for secular social and political objects. His "atheism" had become very much what about that time amongst the intellectuals began to be known as agnosticism. He resented the term atheism, Mr. McCabe says, because most of those who would apply it to him understood it to involve a more or less dogmatic denial of the existence of a Supreme Being. In the end the control of the society was taken out of his hands. The young man "Iconoclast", the Mr. Bradlaugh M.P. of later days, took the lead afterwards and made the society the chief centre of an extremely assertive propaganda of atheism and anti-Christianity. He eclipsed Holyoake as a lecturer; and Holyoake, who had been the best-known infidel lecturer to the crowds of working men of Yorkshire and Lancashire and the Midlands for years, had to give way to the fuller-blooded and more positive "Iconoclast". There are still men who remember the time when thousands flocked to assist at the gladiatorial combats between Holyoake or "Iconoclast" and some champion, usually a dissenting minister, on the Bible and Christianity. It is a form of amusement which has happily lost its popularity; but one who remembers this curious stage of working-class thought finds Mr. McCabe's account of it amongst his most interesting pages.

Holyoake was always a great deal more than an infidel lecturer; and a lecture he delivered at Rochdale in 1843—he was then a young man of twenty-six—started the famous Rochdale Pioneers and founded the modern co-operative movement. He earned such poor living as he could get out of it as a missionary for Owenism, and out of Owenism arose co-operation. A later generation which recognised Holyoake as the father of the movement and as its historian, who had made thereby a name familiar to the economists and social

reformers of Europe, had almost forgotten Holyoake as the infidel lecturer. He had not recanted either publicly or privately his agnosticism; but agnosticism had ceased to be noticeable. Socialism was in vogue, and was no longer suspect from the religious side as it had been when Holyoake expounded the socialism of Owen, and religious people had opposed it as anti-Christian. There had been in the interval, and were, Christian Socialists, with whom Holyoake had corresponded and had personal relations. In his old age he had become the doyen of the guild of agitators; and many of the agitations had become accomplished facts and the passions they once aroused had died down. Owenism had become, chiefly through him, on its economic side, industrial co-operation. Chartism had expired, leaving only one unrealised asset or expectation, triennial Parliaments. Metternich, Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Napoleon had become phantom names, and the veterans who had known them were interesting relics of a past which now neither raised enthusiasm nor hatred. Holyoake had been in everything, from conspiracy with Italians and Hungarians to the amusing conspiracy by which the Government was compelled to abolish newspaper stamps and the paper duty; the Crimean war helping; for people were even more eager for war news than the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge". His activity, mental and physical, had been prodigious. Infidel lectureships were much more arduous and unpleasant than profitable; and ill-paid editorships of a bewildering succession of small papers were no better. Holyoake never made money until he had his hands full of writing for ordinary newspapers. His "missions" did not pay. We are not always quite sure whether the zeal of the biographer may not exaggerate the influence Holyoake had on some of the movements here described with too much copiousness for the reader who only cares to know things in large. This is a common fault of biographers, and one may doubt whether the perspective is always quite true. Mr. McCabe's temptation to diffuseness comes from his being the official biographer for one of the societies that Holyoake founded—the Rationalist Press Association. But it must be admitted he had much ground to go over and many strange corners to explore. The diminutive, frail, weak-voiced, half-blind, indefatigable little demagogue lived through very stirring times and made himself very busy in them. He was worth a full-length portrait though the personal and biographical interest might have been concentrated more effectively in a less book. The portrait is good, but there is too much background and too many accessories. Mr. McCabe has been rather led away by his desire to write the history of the movements in which Holyoake was engaged as a kind of Rationalist handbook, and an advocacy of many kinds of opinion with which we have no sympathy. But allowing for this Mr. McCabe has done his work on the whole in a commendably unaggressive spirit.

NOVELS.

"Love of Life." By Jack London. London: Everett 1908. 6s.

Of the eight stories in Mr. London's new book several are marred by insufficiency of motive, the plan is not good enough, or is not developed well. "Brown Wolf" is the simplest in theme and the most complete, Mr. London is always at his best in dog stories. All the tales however are readable and interesting because of their unusual setting in the wild, savage regions which lie towards the Arctic Ocean, and because Mr. London has a direct, impressive, picturesque style. "Love of Life" is a most gruesome narrative of "two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives": a lost, starved and maimed gold-seeker pursued by a sick wolf, each too feeble to do more than crawl painfully along and wait for the exhaustion of the other. The man holds out longest and, nourished by the blood of the wolf, is in the end saved, an astonishing instance of human tenacity of life. It is a strong unpleasant study of sheer animal sensation, of human nature expressed

merely in craving for food, reduced to the one primary instinct.

"Fishers of the Sea." By J. E. Patterson. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

The primitive fishing-village falls an easy prey to writers and painters, but it requires skill to depict a town such as Grimsby is to-day. The combination of fishermen and villages is natural; but a deep-sea fisherman whose family live just the same life as the families of urban artisans is an artificial and complex person. Nor is he so attractive as the man whose life is spent between the sea and his cottage. Something of the street has entered into him: he has become a politician. Mr. Patterson recognises all this, and the persons of whom he writes are, for the most part, far removed from the old conventional types. He gives us a fine study of a strong character living under the shadow of an undiscovered tragedy, for his hero as a lad had in momentary fury knocked another apprentice overboard, and later success, well deserved, never blots out the memory of his crime. The book is somewhat laboured, but the author succeeds in portraying some of the very diverse types produced by such a place as Grimsby, with its strikes of fishermen against capitalists, and also describes skilfully the daily life of a North Sea trawler.

"Lady Athlyne." By Bram Stoker. London: William Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Stoker's long association with melodrama was not for nothing, and in this novel we renew our acquaintance with the gallant peer (V.C., D.S.O.) masquerading as a plain commoner, the insipid heroine whom he snatches from the jaws of death, the fire-eating heavy father, the sentimental spinster aunt, the comic old nurse with the usual professional reminiscences, and the long thin arm of coincidence that brings them all together in a remote part of the world just before the curtain falls. One does not however find these conventional types quite so mirth-provoking in print as they have often appeared upon the stage—perhaps because in a theatre one has not been saddened (as here) by disquisitions upon the physical basis of love and the Scotch law of marriage. No doubt a book like *"Lady Athlyne"* will be enjoyed by its own transpontine public. A question it raises is how far its kind retards the much-needed vogue of a less lurid and more scholarly form of romance.

"A Daughter of Belial." By Basil Tozer. London: Rebman. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Tozer has contrived a fairly ingenious specimen of the sensational novel, in which the mystery is sustained to the end, but the *"daughter of Belial"* herself is difficult to accept. The lovers of such fiction are usually ready to overlook discrepancies, improbable coincidences, and misrepresentations of life, but we imagine that a vampire is beyond the limits of even their credulity. Beside the general improbability of the story, we observed in it several minor inaccuracies, for instance the boat from Newhaven to Dieppe does not arrive at seven in the morning but at four; and we do not understand why a cheque payable to self was endorsed by the person who presented it for payment.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Mother of Pearl." By Anatole France. A Translation by Frederick Chapman.—**"The Garden of Epicurus."** By Anatole France. A Translation by Alfred Allinson. London: Lane. 1908. 6s. each net.

Mr. Lane has very rightly made room for M. France's literary-philosophical essays in the series he is publishing, and *"Mother of Pearl"* and *"The Garden of Epicurus"* are very typical. They reveal the rich beds of ore from which the precious metals worked into the artistic designs of the novels have been obtained. One can hardly avoid saying, it is such common form, that M. France is a stylist of peculiar flexibility and delicacy, and therefore an English translation, however good, cannot properly represent him. That is true just as it is true of every translation of every bit of literature that has ever been translated from one language into another. But with comparatively few exceptions even cultivated people cannot relish those very delicacies of the other language. Their reading only gives them a general impression, and a good translation gives them really a better impression than they get from their

own negotiations of the original. Some journalese phrases occasionally appear, such as "he sustained two broken ribs"; but generally the translations are much better than most readers would make for themselves. We will say indeed that they are fine. Let us give one short example, which has also the advantage of giving M. France's own description of his literary style and mental attitude. "The more I think over human life the more I am persuaded we ought to choose Irony and Pity for its assessors and judges, as the Egyptians called upon the goddess Isis and the goddess Nephthys on behalf of their dead. Irony and Pity are both of good counsel—the first with her smiles makes Age agreeable; the other sanctifies it to us with her tears. The Irony I invoke is no cruel deity. She mocks neither love nor beauty. She is gentle and kindly disposed. Her mirth disarms anger, and it is she teaches us to laugh at rogues and fools, whom but for her we might be so weak as to hate." This is as charming as it is true. There is no cynicism, no apishness, no leering, no mockery in M. France's witty wisdom. On the point of translation again we will say that we envy the knowledge of French of the reader who can reproduce M. France better than Mr. Chapman does in that profound *"The Procurator of Judea"* or *"Gestas"* or half a dozen other subtle and delicate pieces in *"Mother of Pearl"*. We find one fault in the printing of *"The Garden of Epicurus"*. Some of the little, almost Baconian, essays are not more than a sentence or two, but each stands alone on a waste of paper. A book half as large would have held all without crowding, and would have been better.

"The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting." By Lady Charlotte Bury. 2 vols. London: Lane. 1908. 21s. net.

In these two volumes Mr. Lane has republished one of the most notorious of chronicles scandaleuses. Seventy years ago it first appeared anonymously as the *"Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV."* It caused a great sensation and had an immense sale. The authorship was recognised at the time by persons well capable of judging who themselves suffered from its revelations; and the blame for publication was put on the Rev. Mr. Bury, an impecunious clergyman whom Lady Charlotte Campbell, the beautiful and clever daughter of the fifth Duke of Argyll, had married when she was a widow and mother of nine children. She had been the lady-in-waiting of Caroline Princess of Wales, and was a witness for the defence in the famous trial of the Queen. Her account might be charged with malice or untruth, but it could not be denied that she was exactly the person who could have kept this diary of the times of George IV. "interspersed with original letters from the late Queen Caroline and from other distinguished persons". Then as now people might describe it as vulgar or scandalous or what not, or they might satirise it and pour scorn on it as Thackeray did in *"Skimmings from the Diary of George IV."* by C. Yellowplush, Esq. Still it was history of a sort, the intrigues of the back stair and the evil or insipid gossip of snobs and flunkies of all ranks of society. And Thackeray himself, as the editor, Mr. A. Francis Steuart, points out, quoted "some of its most pregnant passages when he desired to use them as brilliant illustrations of his immortal *"Four Georges"*". There have been several previous editions. Mr. Lane has prepared this for our present delectation, and it has eighteen fine photogravures of distinguished ladies whose names are to be met with in these very lively pages. In many ways this edition is improved and made more readable, especially as the names which formerly appeared with initials only are now printed in full. As Mr. Steuart remarks, it is so long since the *Diary* was issued nobody is left to whom it can do any harm. There is "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" for many a long evening in these volumes.

"Crookford's Clerical Directory, 1908." London: Cox. 51.

This Directory is now much more than a list of the clergy. It is a book of reference for many facts relating to the Church, including the Missions of Scotland and the Colonies. The list of tables still grows; here are the Archbishops and Bishops of every diocese from Augustine to Charles John Ridgeway of Chichester, the Colonial and American Bishops, dignitaries of every grade connected with all cathedral establishments not only in the United Kingdom but in India and the Colonies. These facts have been specially useful this year of the Pan-Anglican Congress: very many who rarely use the book have turned to its pages to find the habitat of some strangely named guest hailing from a remote diocese. It is satisfactory that the Tithe Rentcharge Table shows a few shillings rise again this year, but the pressing poverty of many of the clergy is illustrated by the only words written by one clergyman on his return form: "No alteration; only workhouse a little nearer." The facts given about the parochial clergy for which the book is chiefly used seem to attain the usual high level of accuracy.

"Old England." Text by W. Shaw Sparrow. Pictures by James Orrock. London: Nash. 1908. 24s. net.

This is a picture-book before all. Mr. Orrock paints a picture, say a bridge over a river: Mr. Sparrow praises it in terms which, if he is a good critic, leaves no more to be said,

(Continued on page 152.)

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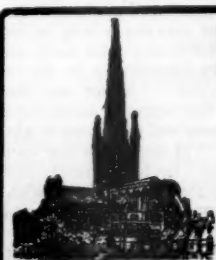
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but which it is not in good taste for him to use; and then he proceeds to write all he can find anywhere about bridges in general under the title of "The Influence of Roads and Bridges". So of castles and cathedrals and forests. If a farmhouse or manor-house is painted he writes on "The Lord of the Manor". The book is really a portfolio of Mr. Orrock's work, and the idea of Mr. Sparrow's text is to show how the English story is told by the pictures Mr. Orrock paints. The execution of such a plan must be scrappy; and though we have a great collection of facts there is an air of their being dragged in for the sake of filling the space between one picture and another; and a good deal of violent wrestling to get the matter fitted to the picture. Moreover Mr. Sparrow writes a great deal too much in the affected style of the affected title of the book. The pictures are very numerous, many of them being in colours, and much better than the usual class of work of this kind.

We have received the Annual Report for 1907 of the Industrial Law Committee, whose offices are at York Mansion, York Street, Westminster. The work of the Committee has been very valuable since it began in 1898, and it maintains its usefulness in helping to discover and remedy breaches of sanitary and protective laws which have been made for the benefit of factory and other workers.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

The "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews are quite in their old form: they hit out vigorously on various topics and give us some excellent reading even though we do not always agree with their point of view. The "Edinburgh" laments over the falling away of Lord Milner from the Cobdenite ideal, and produces masses of figures and elaborate tables to prove what a bad bargain it would be for Great Britain to give up anything for the sake of colonial preference. Our increasing trade with the Dominion is due to Canada's increasing prosperity, says the "Edinburgh", for whom the decline in British imports down to the hour when preference was granted and the increase since is no doubt the merest coincidence. Another article of imperial interest in the "Edinburgh" is a protest against the "virtual dismissal of Lord Elgin". If we cannot endorse the reviewer's estimate of Lord Elgin's work as Colonial Minister, we can at least sympathise with one who has been ungratefully treated by his colleagues. Mr. Asquith should read the article with peculiar interest. On "Women and the Franchise" the "Edinburgh" appeals to the "wives and mothers as the more experienced and responsible portion of womanhood" to make their wishes known and their influence felt in opposition to the suffragists. It is contemptuous of the attitude of leaders who will only lead when their followers have made up their minds. "That is the way in which the responsibilities of statesmanship are understood in the first decade of the twentieth century." On yet another subject the "Edinburgh" speaks out with no uncertain voice. It devotes a long article to the three-colour process in book illustration, which being mechanical is necessarily an imitative not an interpretative art; "imitative processes and cheap counterfeits have been the overt causes of decay in craft and art", and the increasing popularity of the three-colour process is held to be a serious menace to art. The so-called critics who have no word to say against, but on the contrary have many to say in favour of the process are severely handled. "Never was the determination not to strike a blow more unanimously announced and more staunchly adhered to. The annals of treachery might be searched long for such a spectacle." To appeal to the "art critics" is useless; and the "Edinburgh" therefore refers the case to that "sprinkling of serious and thoughtful people who, scattered through society, correct its opinions and revise its judgments".

Thirty-five pages of the "Quarterly" are devoted to a strong article on "The German Peril", to which Lord Cromer's warning lends particular point. The writer takes the view that the one way to avert the peril is to act as though an Anglo-German conflict were inevitable. "The only way to make the survival of the British Empire not impossible is to act as though within the next half-generation it might conceivably be destroyed." Ultimate victory over England is the aim of Germany never lost sight of, says the "Quarterly"; and "if the reptile press has ceased to hiss, the explanation is that the danger of a pre-mature conflict with England is great". And hostility to England only becomes the greater by compression. Germany is building her fleet mainly out of loans, and whatever the heresy from the standpoint of Treasury traditions, the "Quarterly" urges that we should in that respect take a leaf out of her book. "The Unrest in India" is another outspoken article, much of the trouble being traced to the overthrow of Lord Curzon at the bidding of the Commander-in-Chief—"the maddest mistake the British Government have made in India for many a year". As for the anarchists in India, "swift and merciless punishment is the only remedy", whilst "the growing habit of itinerant English agitators of seeking fresh notoriety amid Indian mobs will certainly have to be dealt with before long". The

"Quarterly" is not opposed to some enlargement of the native share in the Indian Government, but does not believe any concessions will give us peace. Its anxiety as to the future in India runs over into an article on the general policy of the present Government, whom it charges with legislative and administrative *méchanceté*. Any block of Radical legislation reveals the old Liberal "chunk", the neo-Radical "chunk", the Socialist "chunk", and even the early barbarian "chunk". "Such material is interesting in a museum, but it is dangerous stuff out of which to construct Ministries or to evolve laws". An article on the revival of Egypt shows that while the British have restrained the abuse of European privileges, self-government is impossible for Egypt because in some form or other the protection given by the Capitulations must be maintained. The Rev. William Barry in "Forecasts of Tomorrow" opposes Christianity to certain Socialistic schemes. "Why not the Christian State, which would lay on property duties commensurate with opulence and on anarchic freedom the yoke of the Gospel?"

The "Church Quarterly Review" takes the Lambeth Conference as a text for a pronouncement on the Anglican Communion, especially the question of unity. With its positive findings we should not quarrel. But their effect is much weakened by their explanation. In fact, they are almost explained away. Apparently the real good of the Lambeth Conference is that it has no power and so can do nothing, and that what it says leaves everything absolutely non-committal as before. The "Church Quarterly" is strangely unaware of the weakness of the Anglican Church owing to want of more effective organisation, stronger directing power and hard thought amongst its superior officers. The absence of policy, the absence of plan and uncertainty may have their convenience, but it is paid for at the cost of essentials. This optimism about our Church, in face of present facts, does not strike us as admirable. Is it not unreal?

The criticism of Shelley is ended—or should be. It is time the world began, instead of talking about Harriet and Mary, to read Shelley in earnest, if it really wants to do so. Once a great writer's place in literature has been definitely assigned him by the consent in several generations of virtually all whose opinion counts, there seems no call for the critic, professional or amateur; the thing then is to read the author or let him alone. The last critical word on Shelley and his poetry and life that needed saying was surely said many years ago. We doubt, indeed, whether to-day Shelley's readers will do well to trouble about any literature that refers to him besides Trelawny's "Recollections", and portions of Hogg's "Life"; and these are not critical at all so far as the merits or failings of his poetry go. But we really think an exception might be made in the case of a brilliant piece of work which the "Dublin Review" prints in its new issue. This is an essay called "Shelley", found among the papers of Francis Thompson. Mr. Ward has been very fortunate indeed to get this paper. If here and there somewhat heavily weighted by phrasing, it is still a curious, deeply interesting paper; original of course—we look for that in everything by Francis Thompson—pleading, defiant, and burning with sincerity. Thompson mentions Mr. Swinburne in this paper, and in a way his prose work reminds one of Mr. Swinburne's. Every word seems alight and alive. There are dead words and live words without a shadow of doubt. Most words are dead, they are born so. Thompson's are alive. "The Sensitive Plant" has been too often underrated by writers on Shelley; the third part is probably too grim for most readers of poetry. But Francis Thompson, as we should expect, knew it at its true, wonderful value. "Here Shelley forgets for a while all that ever makes his verse turbid; forgets that he is anything but a poet, forgets sometimes that he is anything but a child; lies back in his skiff and looks at the clouds. He . . . goes gathering stars. Here we have that true virgin gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin, and perhaps we should add Keats:—'Christabel' and 'Kubla Khan'; 'The Skylark'; 'The Cloud'; and 'The Sensitive Plant' (in its first two parts); 'The Eve of St. Agnes' and 'The Nightingale'; several of the Nocturnes; these things make very quintessentialised loveliness. It is attar of poetry." Could there be a better list of "virgin gold of song", so far at least as Shelley and Coleridge go? But ruling out the third part of "The Sensitive Plant" we rule out unhappily the "Conclusion", and with it one of the finest things in Shelley. We have said that here and there the paper is overweighted with phrase. There are undoubtedly passages which in a lesser writer than Thompson would be dangerously near to verbosity; "sulphurous vapours" from the "central iniquity" of Byron is a passage in point. But at a time when most writers are intent to shun the trouble of making a phrase of distinction, one should be grateful to the man who simply would not write one commonplace line. Everybody should read this paper on Shelley who cares for beautiful English prose, and who wishes to get some notion of what "style" really is.

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THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

THE Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Threlfall (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said he had great pleasure in being able to come before them with a good balance-sheet. "The gross profit for the year is £179,481. This compares with £187,383 in 1907 and £179,188 in 1906. The falling-off in comparison with last year's profit is £7,902, and this is owing, to a great extent, to depression in trade, but in comparison with 1906 there is a small improvement. These figures show that the business of the Company is being well maintained, for which we may reasonably congratulate ourselves. With regard to the Licensing Bill, it has been discussed in the Press and at public meetings, in some cases judicially and without prejudice, in other cases, I think I may be allowed to say, unfairly and with great prejudice, and at the end of it all I do not think those who are against the trade have proved that the Bill will do very much towards the furtherance of temperance. I will now show you the effect of this Bill on our Company if passed in its present form. Your directors, since the formation of the Company, in buying licensed properties have always kept before them two points: first, as to whether the property will be beneficial to the Company by increasing its trade; secondly, as to whether the licensed property is necessary for the requirements of the neighbourhood, and therefore not likely to be taken away. Many of these properties which your directors have bought are most valuable ones, and we think—and the results for the last twenty years prove—we have got good value for the money expended. At the end of fourteen years the Government proposes to take from the Company the licenses for which the Company has paid those large amounts. During these fourteen years we will have to pay compensation for the closing of the other traders' houses, with very little benefit accruing to ourselves for the privilege of so doing. On January 28 we declared an interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, and the accounts for the six months showed we were justified in so doing, as the Licensing Bill had not then been introduced. Under these circumstances your Directors considered the most prudent course to adopt, and which we recommend, is the reduction of the dividend on the ordinary shares to 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year, which, with the interim dividend of 15 per cent., is equal to 12½ per cent. for the year, which I feel you will agree with me is a very good dividend. Referring to the accounts, no properties have been purchased since the introduction of the Licensing Bill. You will observe that we have written off for depreciation £20,876 10s. 7d., against £17,674 2s. 6d. in 1907, and we have carried forward £93,459 10s. 6d., which is £8,137 10s. 9d. more than last year. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, makes 12½ per cent. for the year."

Mr. P. J. Feeny seconded the motion.

The Chairman invited questions, but none were asked, and the motion was carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and employees of the Company for their valuable services during the past year was carried with acclamation.

GENERAL MOTOR CAB COMPANY LIMITED.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the General Motor Cab Company, Limited, was held on Monday at Salisbury House, E.C., in order to submit for confirmation resolutions making certain alterations in the articles of association, rendered necessary by the acquisition of the undertaking of the United Motor Cab Company, Mr. Davison Dalziel, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said he did not think there was anything for him to add to what he said at the first meeting in support of the resolutions. At that meeting they were unanimously approved. "As soon as these resolutions have been finally passed, the General Motor Cab Company automatically becomes the most important institution of its kind in the world. I have already given you the reasons advanced by the Board why this amalgamation between yourselves and the United Motor Cab Company should take place, and I feel sure you would not wish me to go over the ground again. It is unquestionably in the best interests of all concerned that the two important undertakings, which are actually dividing practically the entire motor-cab business of the metropolis, should work under common interests and a common control. A good deal has already been told you concerning the development of the taxi-cab portion of your business, but I am afraid I have been somewhat remiss in not placing before you particulars of that most important branch connected with private hiring. We possess, as you are no doubt aware, a special department for hiring out luxé carriages. These cars are all Charron build, which, for that purpose, we consider to be among the best to be obtained, are of 15 h.p., with luxuriously fitted bodies, and are driven by picked men, in uniforms suitable to each particular car. In every respect one of our Charron luxé cars fills all the essentials of a gentleman's private car. These cars are let out by the hour, day, the week, the month, or the year, and I am glad to say that our receipts from this source alone during the month of June amounted to £2,500, with a steadily increasing demand for this particular service. We have recently instituted a night service, so that now at any hour of the day or night those who want something better than a cab can telephone to the garage at Brixton and a charmingly equipped and up-to-date car is at once at their disposal. The rule is to charge at the rate of 10s. an hour from the time the car leaves the garage until the time it returns. We now keep a special staff on duty all night to attend to this particular department, and I am glad to say that this is meeting with very satisfactory signs of public favour. It is a great convenience to feel that, whatever happens, at any hour of the night, you can ring your telephone and find such a car as I have described, with a trained, reliable driver at your door. An instance came under my notice only a few days ago, when the services of a doctor were urgently required at three o'clock in the morning at Finchley. The family had a telephone but no conveyance, and their doctor, who lived at Kensington, had a telephone, but for some reason could not get at his carriage or obtain a cab. The solution was quickly found in one of your cars, and in a comparatively few minutes the car was at the doctor's door, and the doctor shortly afterwards with his patient. People who miss their last train will, when they begin to know about this system, find it a great convenience, so that, generally speaking, I think we shall ultimately find this particular branch of our business very popular. There is one thing which I wish to impress upon the shareholders of the Company, and that is the extent to which they can assist the development of their enterprise, and I am going to appeal to all of you who are present here to-day to make the mission of the taximeter understood, and thoroughly understood, by all those you come in contact with. I want you to preach the doctrine that the taximeter is there to record the amount the fare has to pay the driver, and that under no circumstances whatever is the driver of a motor-car entitled to demand the payment of any sum which the taximeter does not plainly indicate. Tips are optional, and I have nothing to say against a voluntary act of gratitude on the part of a passenger, for no one nowadays ever gets in or out of one of your taxi-motor cabs without a feeling of thankfulness for the good luck which has made them part of the daily life of the metropolis. But so far as the legal fare is concerned, no passenger should pay the driver a farthing more than is recorded on the taximeter. That useful instrument is constructed to record plainly the exact amount that the driver is legally entitled to charge, and any demand in excess of what is recorded may at once be set down as a direct fraud on the company, or as an endeavour to wrongfully extort from the public. You cannot be too active in spreading these facts broadcast and in exhorting all those with whom you come in contact to look carefully at the taximeter before paying anything."

In reply to Mr. L. Parker, the Chairman said in the case of a two-seated cab the driver was not entitled to charge for extra passengers carried, but in the case of a four-seated cab he was so entitled. "I may add that the driver should show what that extra charge is at the time the passenger enters the car. Scotland Yard has just given us authority to place in our cabs a notice to the following effect:—'Hirers are requested not to pay any fare except it is recorded on the taximeter, and is strictly in accordance with the scale shown below. Extras (if any) must be charged on the meter by the driver at the commencement of the hiring.' If, therefore, three passengers get into a cab, and there is an extra charge for the third, the driver is compelled to mark that charge on the taximeter at the time the passenger gets into the cab. If it is not so marked the passenger can refuse to pay. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without acknowledging that in this, as in every other matter connected with the development of this new industry, we have received the painstaking co-operation of the police department. It has necessarily been a difficult matter to regulate a great public undertaking such as this with a due regard to the protection of the public, as well as to the private rights of the Company. It must be borne in mind that the motor-cab innovation has been sharp and effective, and that it has blossomed into huge proportions, so to speak, in a single night. Many regulations have been irksome and at the time difficult of comprehension, but I am bound to admit that in the end they have been proved to be necessary, and even beneficial, to all concerned." Having paid a tribute to the uniform care, intelligence, and impartiality with which the authorities of Scotland Yard have dealt with this sudden invasion into the already congested domain of London traffic, the Chairman concluded: "You will have read the reports of the various meetings in the City and of the deposition to the Home Secretary concerning the motor-omnibus nuisance. You will all have shared the satisfaction we feel on this side of the table that there is no complaint against the motor-cab. Our drivers are men of good character, experience, and judgment, and our cabs wind their busy way through the intricacies of London traffic in a noiseless, unobtrusive, and careful way. No wonder they are so popular. And you will all join with us, no doubt, in the pious wish that long may their popularity last." He moved formally that the resolution contained in the notice convening the meeting be confirmed, which Mr. Edgar Cohen seconded, and it was carried unanimously.

A cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors concluded the proceedings.

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